The SPHERE
Vol. CXXV. No. 1640 JUNE 27, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

A Century's Success!

For over a hundred years Dinneford's Magnesia has been successfully used in cases of Gout, Gravel, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c. Doctors recommend Dinneford's Magnesia as a safe and effective laxative for regular use.

Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

BEETHAMS Larola
1/6 and 2/6 per bottle
THE PERFECT FINISH TO THE LAROLA COMPLEXION.
Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Box with Puff 1/- and 2/6 each.
From all Chemists and Stores or post free in the U.K. from :—
M. BEETHAM AND SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Keeps you as young as your Complexion
Start each day refreshed and invigorated, your natural beauty protected by Larola. Arms and hands will remain snowy white, the skin supple, soft and silky smooth, also you can tan without blistering if you use Larola.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

GRAND HOTEL DELLE ROSE
RHODES ÆGEAN ITALIAN ISLANDS
The cheapest and most interesting way to reach or leave Egypt: First-class Passage, Alexandria to Rhodes, plus one week Full Pension in Rhodes, plus First-class Passage Rhodes to Brindisi, only £22 . 0 . 0
Direct Sleeping Cars from Calais to Brindisi and vice versa.
Full Pension (3 meals) from £4 : 0 : 0 per week.
Telegrams: "HOTROSES, RHODES."
First-class Hotel Tennis Golf Miniature Golf Shooting Private Beach Motoring Excursions

ROYAL PICARDY
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOTEL IN THE WORLD
Under new management of HOTEL CHAMBORD, PARIS
MODERATE PRICES
LE TOUQUET

SPA (Belgium)
THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT
Cure for Rheumatism, the Heart and Anæmia.
Casino open all the year—Roulette—Baccarat.
18-hole Golf Course, a Continental Sunningdale.
Leading Hotel:
GRAND HOTEL BRITANNIQUE

SPORTING BRONZES
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.
Prices from 4 Gns.
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

OTARD'S
ESTABº 1795
The Brandy with a Pedigree

MOTOR·UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.

GALERIES LAFAYETTE LTD

188 - 196, REGENT STREET - LONDON W.1.

from Monday 29th June

great summer sale

DRASTIC REDUCTIONS

(NO SALE CATALOGUE)

Tel.: Regent 6740

Why

on earth should I pay for all these things on holiday

when Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Swimming Pool, Gymnasium, Dancing, Cinema and Entertainments, are all included in the terms at the

Palace Hotel, Torquay

Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House

SUMMER IN NORTHERN WATERS

Come Cruising by P & O in the warm July airs of the Northern seas.

There will be cruises by the 20,000-ton electric ship *Viceroy of India* on July 4, July 18 to Norway, Iceland and the Shetlands; and on August 1 to Norway and the Baltic Capitals.

In the *Viceroy of India* you will find pleasant society; rest; or a round of gaiety—as you will. Perfect cooking. Perfect service.

Western Mediterranean,
August 22; September 5,
13 Days — From 24 gns.

Come Cruising!

Send for our Picture Handbooks:—

P & O CRUISES

(F. H. Grosvenor, Manager), 14, Cockspur St., S.W.1
P & O, 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
P & O, Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

P & O Tourist Class: Australia from £70 return
P & O Sea Tours: Marseilles, etc., 14 days from £16

L.A.

GERMANY

SO MUCH TO SEE AND DO

Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, Cologne and other famous interesting cities . . . the beautiful Rhine Country, Baden-Baden and the Black Forest, the Hartz Mountains, Bavarian Alps . . . . A land of Music.

Reduced Fare Tickets to Cologne from London (Liverpool Street) via Flushing

Full particulars from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71, Regent Street, and 59, Piccadilly, London, W.1; Wm. H. Müller & Co. (London), Ltd., 66, Haymarket, S.W.1, and 78, Moorgate, E.C.2; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Tourist Agencies

FLUSHING
Zeeland Day Line

THE HOOK
L·N·E·R Night Route

VIA HARWICH

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge

FOR CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- *per box*
67 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

See it with a 'VEDET' Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Gives a new zest to holidays, rambles, tours, race meetings, regattas, etc., at home and abroad.

A powerful prismatic with magnification of eight diameters yet weighing only 7 ozs., and measuring but 4 ins. in length.

Prism binocular construction, but with only one barrel and easier focussing than possible with the far heavier binoculars.

You always see it — if you have a "VEDET."

Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag
£3 17 6

Write for particulars.
W. WATSON & SONS, Ltd., 313 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

STAMPS

Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

Baby's gaining now, thanks to

LACTOGEN

Another eight ounces this week! Flesh firm, good bone, sturdy limbs. Digestion sound as a bell, and the energy! In fact, ever since Mother put Baby on Lactogen he has picked up marvellously.

Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream milk with extra cream and milk sugar added, dried and made by the Lactogen process as digestible as breast milk (Baby's perfect food) and in all important respects like breast milk.

Lactogen contains all the food elements your Baby needs to make him healthy and happy with sound organs of digestion, dense bone, straight limbs, sturdy framework, good teeth, firm muscle, and a splendid constitution. Baby can take Lactogen as his sole food from birth, or for alternate or supplementary feeds.

The rich pure milk for Lactogen comes from specially selected herds that graze on sweet English meadowlands. Close inspection, rigorous tests, hygienic packing, ensure absolute purity and unvarying quality.

Even the most delicate babies thrive and grow strong on Lactogen. Doctors and Nurses say "Put Baby on Lactogen."

"LACTOGEN"
REGD. TRADE MARK
BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

PER **2/9** TIN

From all Chemists

FREE LACTOGEN SAMPLE & BOOKLET

Start your Baby right! Send for the useful little booklet "Early Days" and a Free Sample of Lactogen—the Better Milk for Babies. For Baby's sake send now!

THE LACTOGEN BABY BUREAU (Dept. AO 12), St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Lactogen is a Nestlé's Product and is obtainable in all countries

ON HOLIDAY

You can sun-bathe, sea-bathe and play games to your heart's content and still your hair will remain immaculate and lustrous if you dress it every morning with Rowland's Macassar Oil, the perfect hair food and hair-dressing. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

Sale

BEGINS MONDAY, JUNE 29TH

"Wanda." *"Beryl."* *"Goodwood."*

W. 17

"WANDA."—A very attractive Dress in a wonderful variety of good quality fancy Crêpe-de-Chines. The cross-over top, bottom and sleeves are finished with fine pleating. Three small sizes.

SALE PRICE £5

"BERYL."—A chic and useful little Dress in a pretty range of Santoy Crêpes, tying into natural waist line with sash of self material. Jabot and cuffs are trimmed with georgette to match collar. Three small sizes.

SALE PRICE 50/-

"GOODWOOD."—A charming sleeveless dress and separate coatee in a wonderful range of Santoy Crêpes. The cross-over bodice is slightly pouched and finished with scallops to match hem of skirt and coatee. Vest of georgette. Three small sizes.

SALE PRICE 70/-

Small Sizes: Third Floor.

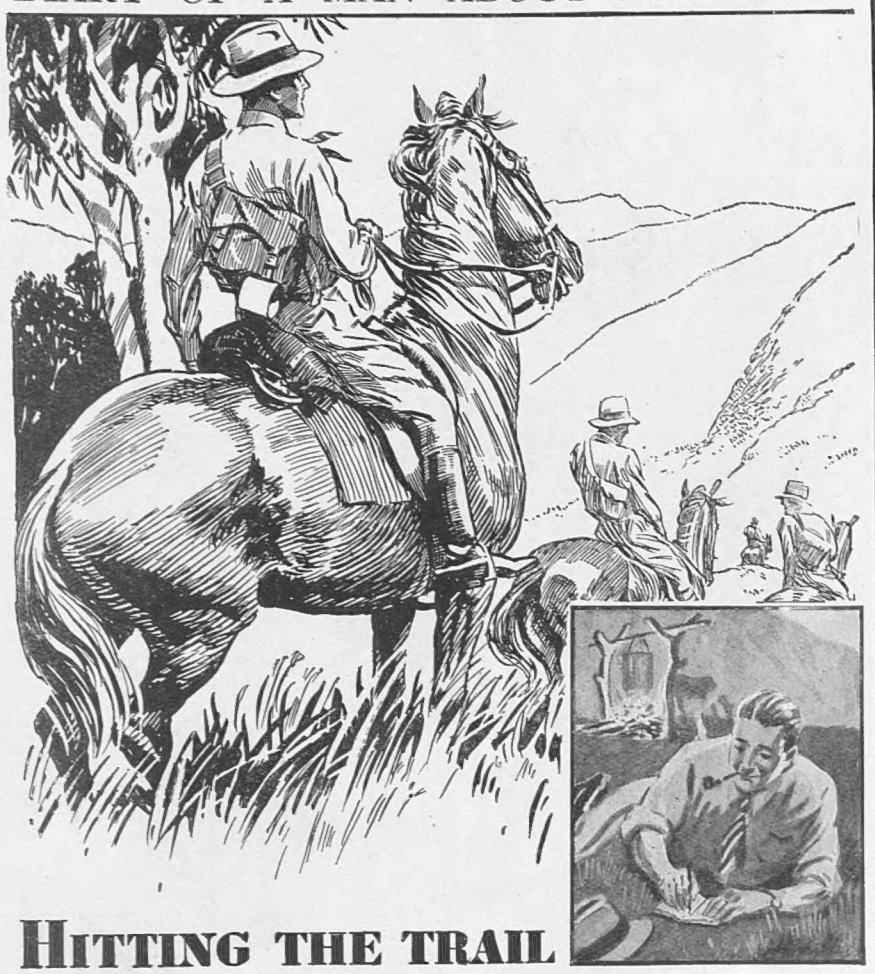
W. 17.—Remarkable value is offered in this Coat, expressed in a novelty fleck material. Well tailored with stitched front collar and belt. Lined throughout. In corn, beige, brown, saxe, green, or black/white. Sizes: S.W., W., F.W. and O.S.

SALE PRICE 28/6

Inexpensive Coats: Second Floor.

Swan & Edgar, Ltd. *London, W.1.*

DIARY OF A MAN ABOUT AUSTRALIA



HITTING THE TRAIL

"This is the life... Third day and stiffness all gone. Magnificent alp and gum-forest country this. Somehow you can sense its tremendous age. 'Earth's oldest continent' and all that. And the air . . . nothing so tonic ever came out of medicine bottle . . . Jim says he's coming to Australia every year now for a trail-riding holiday... Sat round camp fire last night while Harry, our guide, philosopher and packhorse man, spun yarns of old pioneering days. He says to-morrow we cross a river where bush-rangers made their headquarters seventy years ago. It's alive with trout . . . The billy's boiling and I can smell eggs and bacon. Lots of it I hope . . ."

AUSTRALIA

Illustrated brochures will be gladly sent by the Australian National Travel Association, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. (or 114 Sansome St., San Francisco, U.S.A.). Shipping Companies or travel agencies will arrange bookings.

SPORTS CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

FINE WOOLLEN JERSEY IN NEW STRIPED DESIGN

Can be worn tucked in or outside of the Skirt. Stocked in all sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40. Colours—Red/White, Green/White, Blue/White, Pink/White, Beige/White.

FINNIGANS

17-20, New Bond Street, London, W.1

TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS IN A 20,000 TONS ORIENT LINER!

That is the best introduction to life on board ship for those who do not know whether they will like sea travel.

A steady ship steaming day after day through landlocked waters with magnificent mountain scenery on either hand.

CRUISES TO NORWAY AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

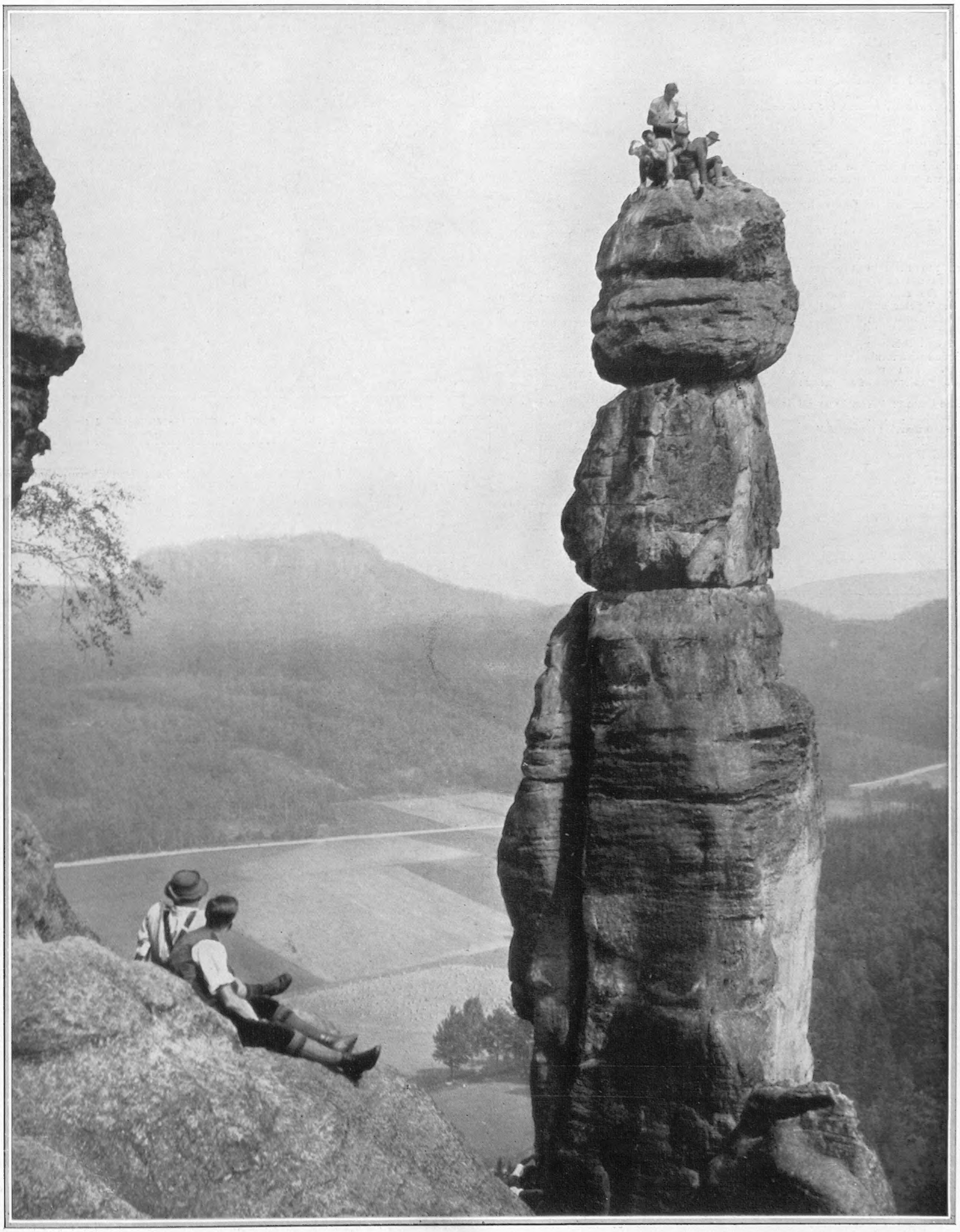
By s.s. "ORONTES" and "ORFORD"
13 days' Cruise from 20 Guineas

Vast decks for games and exercise, an open air swimming bath and a cuisine and service perfected by forty years' experience of cruising.

Programme from Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
Volume CXXV No. 1640
Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. }
London, June 27, 1931



LUNCHEON in HIGH PLACES

A Favourite if Perilous Place to Picnic in Saxon Switzerland

The Meissen Highlands, known for a century as "Saxon Switzerland," have many thrilling and dangerous climbs, but the youth of Germany, in its avidity for out-of-door sports, assails even so precarious a rock as the Barbarine on the summit of which they eat their lunch. This eminence commands a view over the uplands of the Bohemian frontier and the banks of the Elbe—one of the loveliest sections of Germany.

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 24, 1931.

A Return of Sanity.—How sensitive the world at this moment is, the effect of Mr. Hoover's pronouncement reveals in an extraordinary degree. It has affected every department of life from the shape of our mouths to the price of Great Western Stock. Yes, like a stone dropped in a stagnant pool, it has broken in a wave of hope on the shores of civilization. And the lesson it gives is simply this: we stand and fall together. Civilization is one and indivisible. The days of parish pump politics, national and international, are (and have for two decades been) obsolete and fly-blown.

The Crisis.—If we were not so confident of the high character of our politicians and of the integrity of our Press, we should almost venture to assert that "political crises of the first magnitude" were worked up by common agreement to fan into flame the sulky smoke of public interest in politics. The argument of the politicians would be that there is too much interest taken in sport, too little in the grave matters thrashed out at Westminster. And certainly the regularity with which these "crises" peter out into bathos and ridicule is somewhat suspicious. The Liberal-Labour "crisis," which I prophesied might end this way, is over, and I am reminded of another crisis from Gilbert's operas. You may recall that final appalling dilemma in *Iolanthe*:

> The Queen: "You have all incurred death . . . every fairy must die who marries a mortal."
> Lord-Chancellor: "Allow me, as an old Equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple—the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *doesn't* marry a mortal."
> The Queen: "We like your humour."

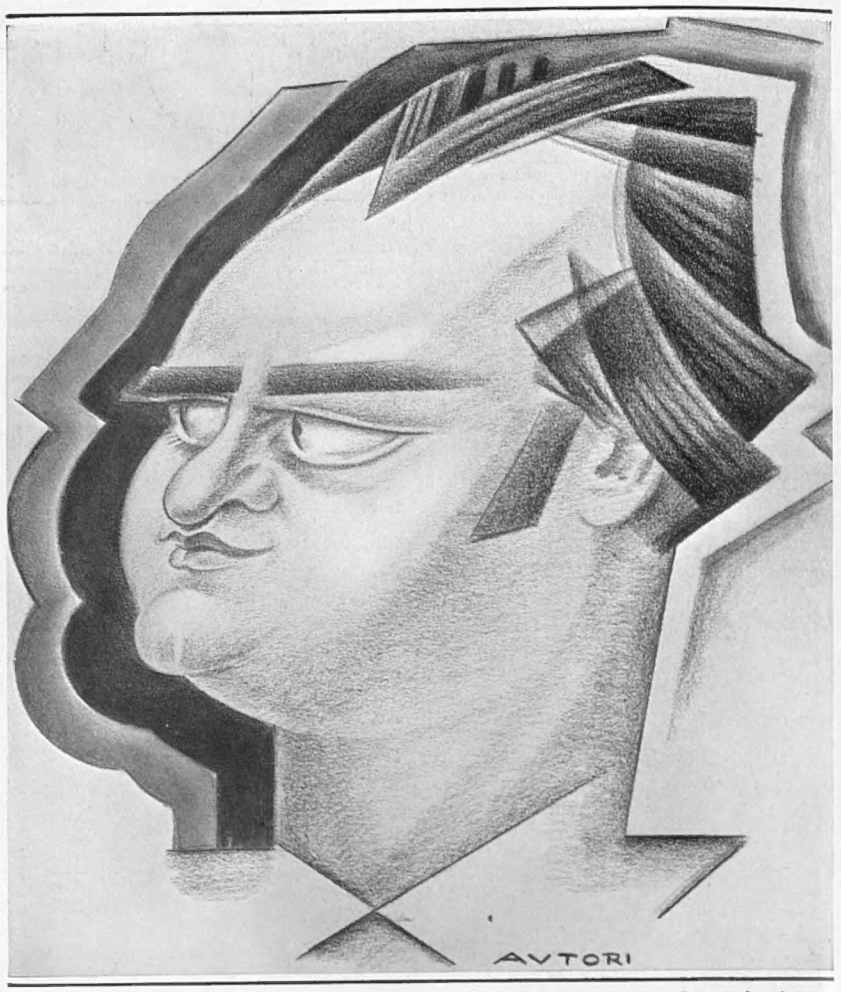
Whether the British public echo the queen's verdict I do not know. I rather fancy that a big majority has found that humour worn thin. I am perfectly confident that the stock of the Liberals and the Labour Party has reached a fresh low-level record. I observed how, when the crisis was averted, gilt-edged securities fell with a crash.

Shelved Again.—Mr. MacDonald—if indeed the Premier is in any sense responsible for the decisions of his Government—has hit on a happy issue out of the affliction of his Dole Report. He proposes to set up a Tribunal to consider the findings of the Tribunal which he set up to consider the findings of every sensible patriot who considered the scandals of the Unemployment Insurance Fund. Meanwhile, the taxpayer is calmly invited to find another £25,000,000 to bring the borrowing powers up to £115,000,000. That is his answer to the challenge of the Dole Report, and he is perfectly assured that he will carry in his pocket Lloyd George's Liberals. It is now some months since the leading experts of the Treasury and the Government Actuary expressed a certainty that unless those borrowing powers were checked, inevitable ruin to the National credit must follow. Government spokesmen have time and again admitted their belief that the problem in a nutshell was this dilemma—either National bankruptcy or civil war. To be fair, I believe it doubtful if there is any official or presumptive party leader who, if in power, would venture to give effect to the moderate findings of the Dole Commission. Mr. Baldwin would go I suppose further in that direction than either of his rival party leaders. Let us admit that they are all actuated less by vote catching than by humanity. The plight of the honest unemployed is pitiable. But if it were ten times as pitiable, that would not justify the policy of burning the ship to the water's edge to warm the shivering section of the crew, however large. One day, when it is too late, a man will arise who will dare to tell a sane and courageous people the unpleasant truth, and when he does so, he will reap the reward of his courage in the Nation's gratitude and respect. When those Treasury experts spoke their solemn warning, the Dole Fund was in debt to the extent of over £80,000,000. Mr. Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George echoed the experts' grave anxiety. Months have passed since then, and now it is proposed to give the Dole Fund a free hand to continue borrowing up to £115,000,000 into the winter.

Lord Salisbury.—Lord Salisbury, at the age of seventy, has resigned the leadership of the Conservative Party in the Lords. He has been intimately connected with politics for forty-six years with only very brief intervals. He entered Parliament as member for the Darwen Division of Lancashire in '85 and sat for Rochester for ten years from 1893, during which period he served in South Africa and as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His connection with Rochester ended when he succeeded his father. From that date he has been constantly in office when his party was in power, or otherwise in authority in the Upper House when in opposition. But his intimate connection with politics extends in fact over seventy and not forty-six years. You have only to read his sister's (Lady Gwendolin Cecil's), *Life of Lord Salisbury* to realize that politics and the burning questions of the hour were nursery fare at Hatfield; and nowhere and never were political questions more liberally viewed than in that greatest of Conservative strongholds. Four hundred years of training and tradition in selfless and impartial statesmanship went to the making of an ideal Conservative leader in the Upper House for these or any times. Dignity, courtesy, consideration, broadmindedness, sympathy, knowledge, tradition in statesmanship, these were the qualities which marked out Lord Salisbury to succeed to, and further to adorn, the position formerly held by Lord Lansdowne. If one were asked to name the two greatest gentlemen of our time, I should choose these two. And perhaps it is not strange if even to-day a huge section of the nation realizes that the country is safer and the interests of democracy not less secure when such men as they are placed where their training and inherited qualifications designed them to be—at the head of political affairs.

A Royal Ball.—From one cause and another, the last decade of the present reign has socially earned comparison with that long period of mourning which followed the Prince Consort's death. For good and sufficient reason the Court has afforded the minimum of hospitality—and that purely democratic—and has played little or no part as a centre round which London Society—such as it is—revolves, and from which it takes its inspiration. And London Society has in consequence suffered disintegration and fallen lamentably from its once universally-admired standard of taste, dignity, and elegance. English Society to the end of the reign of King Edward was justly regarded by foreign observers as one of those native institutions with which no other civilized country could compete. And the reason was solely that Society till then "revolved round the Sovereign." That is why I welcome as courageous, as admirably sound and—but for good and sufficient reason—as long overdue, the decision of the King and Queen to give a ball at Buckingham Palace. In theory, at any rate, despite repeated blows and disillusionment, I remain a democrat. But I am sufficiently sane a democrat to see the value as an educational force of an exclusive Society, regulated by high standards of conduct and of enlightenment and of dignity, and I am convinced that such a Society is only obtainable by constant and firm direction from the Throne. Our taste should be regulated and guided by Society, and to-day we are a thousand miles from that ideal. A ball at Buckingham Palace—even an informal affair of young people—is a step back in the right direction. London Society is crying out for fresh inspiration, high ideals, new and dignified standards of conduct, and it has nowhere else to look but to the King and Queen who stand like a rock in the changing seas and shifting sands of moral values and behaviour.

A Vision of Kings.—It would be a strange thing (but in these days of profound political uncertainty no fantastic absurdity to imagine) if at some important Royal Jubilee in England ten or twenty years hence the sovereigns of France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Portugal walked with their now reigning, lesser European, royal brethren through the streets of London! If it should ever happen that on such an occasion one noted in that procession The Emperor Napoleon (restored by the Army), The Emperor William III (restored by the Hitlerites), King Juan of Spain (restored by political reaction), marching (with restored monarchs of Austria and Portugal), among another dozen sovereigns of European states, will some one turn back to THE SPHERE of June 1931 and crown that family journal as a prophet, reserving a fair meed of approbation to my tame seer from Boston, U.S.A., and shedding a tear over the frailty of democracy? Well, stranger things have happened and happen every year nowadays.



Drawn by Autori

A WORLD FAMOUS TENOR: Beniamino Gigli, the distinguished tenor, who is known to the world through the medium of the gramophone and is the brightest star of the balance of the Covent Garden Season, caricatured by another opera star, Autori

Green Spaces for the Under-dog.—The M.C.C.'s petition to Mr. Snowden that playing grounds not run for profit should be exempted from his land tax proposals must force him into the open on his general theories of Socialism to an extent which will enable the public to see him as he is and as they never see him through his utterances in Parliament. He was perfectly frank when he introduced his proposals. He said he wanted to be known in history as the author of a measure dear to his heart and to the hearts of all true out-and-out Socialists, although he realized that the first profits (if any) from his new tax would accrue after the term of his Government's power. How completely counter to some of Socialism's dearest ideals those proposals at present run, doubtless Mr. Snowden did not fully realize when he first drafted them. They negative the great ideal of green spaces in crowded cities, of fresh air, and recreation for the workers, of a fair share of the colour and joy of life for the poorest classes. Lord's cricket ground—once the playground of a few "noblemen and gentlemen"—has for half-a-century been a democratic recreation ground and retains its aristocratic origin for precisely two days each year in early July. For the rest of the year, it is one of London's two popular arenas in which the working classes enjoy the national game. Lately the M.C.C. has been buying land—it could only do so by immensely enlarging its membership which is, by the way, essentially democratic. It has bought land with only one object in view, to ensure for all time that this people's pleasure ground should retain its sylvan charm, that the land should never be built on. If it were built on, it would be built on by the wealthiest class in the State who are making Marylebone a fashionable residential area. The M.C.C.'s petition falls aptly just now.

The Slavery of Britain.—In little summer wavelets resentment at the type of American film which is widely shown to our young people, comes and goes. Just now the church and medical profession—those who minister to us body and soul—are up in arms against the corruption of British youth by base, vicious, vulgar, uneducated, and suggestive American films. These professional men burke the financial issue, do not doubtless appreciate the strangle-hold which the Americans possess over us in the industry, a hold not relaxed by the present film slump in U.S.A. But their argument is not less mercilessly logical when they point out that no official hand is raised to prevent the release in this country of American films which no class of persons in America will pass current even for a third-rate theatre. America rejects such films because she recognizes them as immoral, lacking alike in taste, in decency, and in truth. So they are sent over here to feed the youth of Britain. It is one of the saddest proofs of the decay of our national pride, of our loss of caste.

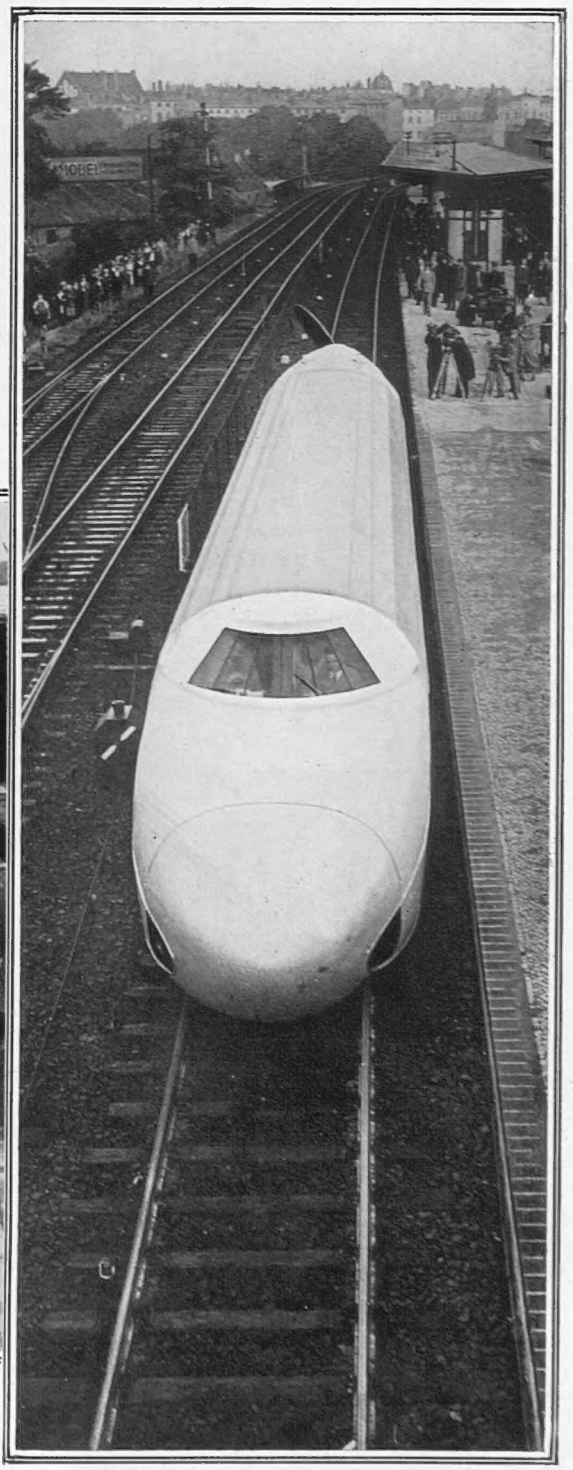
Motor-coach Speed.—Mr. Morrison has several colleagues all living within 5 miles of each other and of Liphook. I wish one of them would ask him down for a week-end. I would suggest to his host that (after church) he should take Mr. Morrison to the second milestone towards London out of Liphook on the Portsmouth Road and there let him sit one full hour to count the number of motor coaches which are not yet obeying his new speed regulations. I suggest that he should shut his eyes to those motor coaches which only travel at 40 m.p.h. and count up those obviously racing at between 40 and 50 m.p.h. Mr. Morrison will have his hands full and his brain working hard. For there are many such coaches and few of them care tuppence about his laws. Nor does any mobile policeman ever patrol, let alone control, that section between Liphook and Milford where nameless crimes are committed every hour of every summer's day. Small wonder if the decay of Parliamentary prestige is observable in our social life.

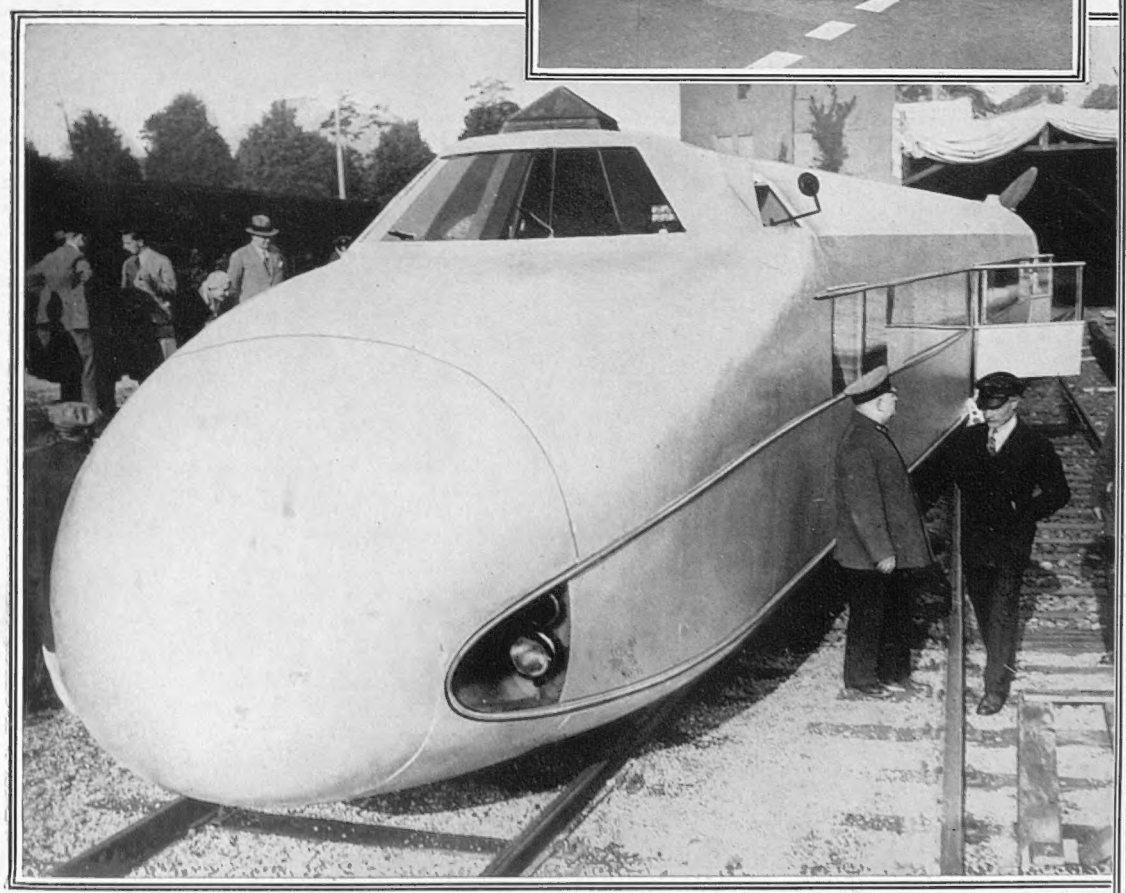
THE OLD STAGER.

MECHANICAL NEWS of the MODERN WORLD

THE ENGLISH BLERIOT OF THE GLIDER : Mr. Lissant Beardmore of London "glided" from Lympne to Calais in just over an hour. Adverse weather prevented him from achieving the return journey

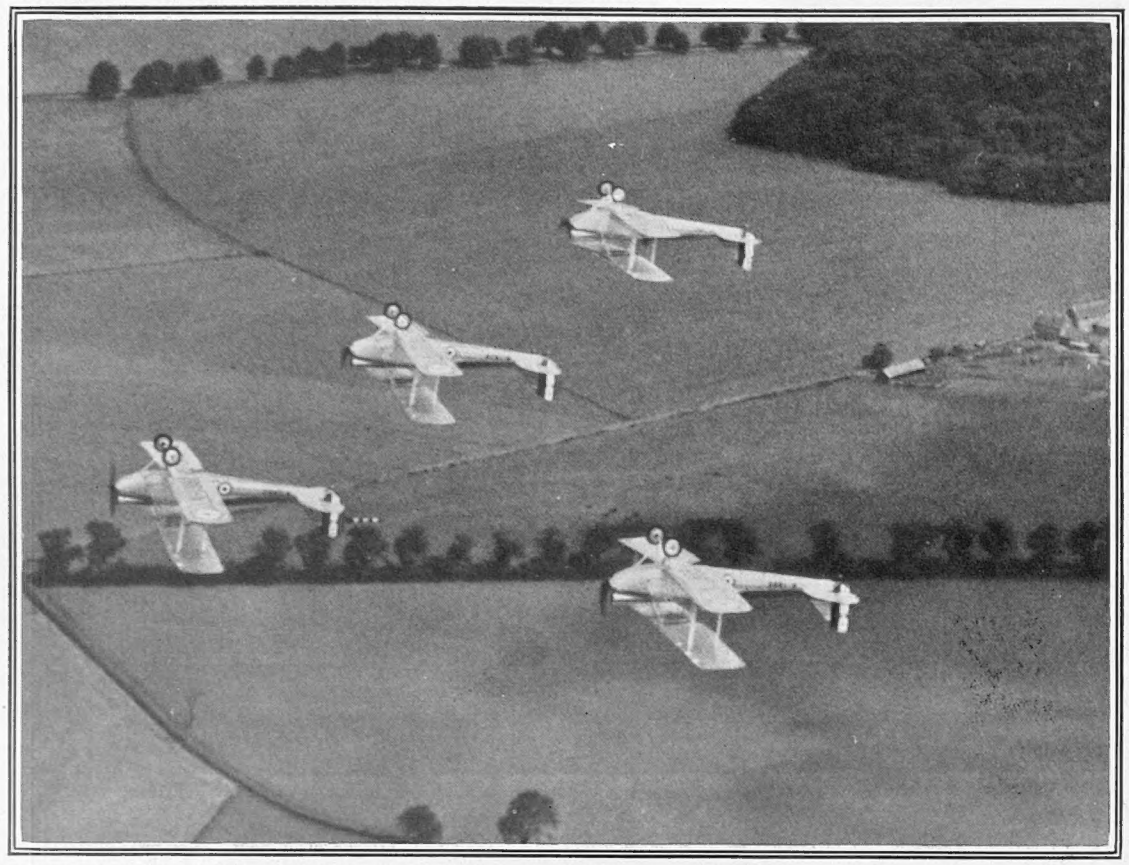
TRAFFIC'S CHAOTIC CONTROL : The new system at work in Oxford Street. The red, yellow, and green lights—giving the instructions stop, caution, and go—are here reinforced by bells which advise pedestrians who are unable either to note the stability and mobility of the traffic or to see the lights, whether it be safe to cross the road



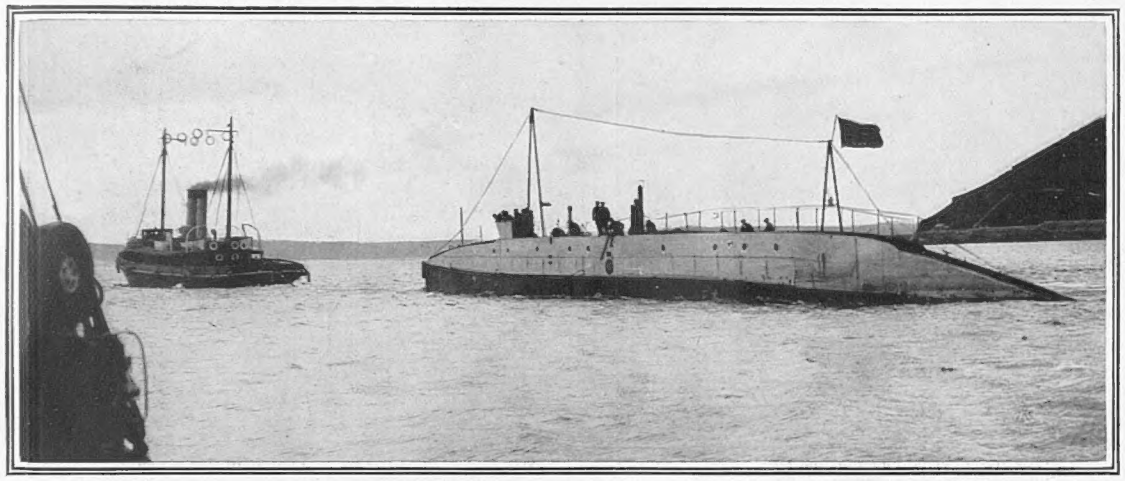


THE ZEPPELIN TRAIN : The curious construction which ran on rails from Berlin to Hamburg. Driven by an air-screw, it completed the journey in half the time taken by the express, averaging 109 m.p.h. and touching 130 m.p.h. Inset above on right is a vignette of the new traffic control in Oxford Street showing the white lines between which pedestrians are now to walk. The system involves making seventeen routes one-way streets

THE RECORD-BREAKER : The Zeppelin train



HEAD OVER HEELS IN FLIGHT: One of the great thrills of the R.A.F. Pageant is the inverted flying of a squadron of Gipsy Moths. They are piloted by instructors from the Central Flying School, Wittering, led by Flight-Lieutenant B. E. Embry, A.F.C. They are seen above in rehearsal. The leader's 'plane has a black and white tail



DISABLED: The submarine Nautilus, *in which Sir Hubert Wilkins hopes to proceea undersea to the North Pole, was towed from mid-Atlantic by the U.S. cruiser* Wyoming *to a point near Queenstown where she was taken in tow by a tug and pulled to safe harbour. The disablement was caused by overwhelming seas*

THE ROYAL OPENING: Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands open the Netherlands Pavilion at the Exposition Coloniale Internationale in the Bois de Vincennes on the outskirts of Paris. They were greeted with great enthusiasm

The R.A.F. PAGEANT

What to See There To-day

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of "The Aeroplane")

Undoubtedly the sensation of the R.A.F. Display at Hendon this year will be the Formation Flying, commonly called Drill in the Air, by No. 12 Bomber Squadron, R.A.F., which has recently been equipped with Hawker-Hart biplanes with Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines. The nine machines of this squadron go through the most amazing evolutions in the way of drill that have yet been seen. And the change from one formation to another is so quick that it is all done practically over the aerodrome in sight of the spectators, so that all can see exactly how the trick is done.

Those who have frequented the Hendon Displays in the past will remember that squadrons doing this air-drilling business have passed over the aerodrome in very neat formation and then have disappeared in the distance to return in a different formation or pattern. The reason has been that the range of speed of the aeroplanes hitherto used in the R.A.F. has been so small that for any change in formation a good deal of time has been necessary for machines left behind in the change to pick up their new positions in the fresh formation. That is to say, the formation as a whole has been travelling at a rate of about 90 m.p.h., and the lowest speed of those machines has been perhaps about 70 m.p.h. and the top speed a little over 100 m.p.h. Consequently, any machine which had to pick up a few hundred yards to get into its new position took quite a long time to do it.

The Hawker-Harts are the fastest two-seater fighting aeroplanes in the world. Their top speed is something over 170 m.p.h., yet they fly quite comfortably at 70 m.p.h. Consequently, the formation leader, on whom the squadron formates (to use the current R.A.F. slang word), can settle down to fly steadily at 120 m.p.h., knowing that all his machines can go 50 m.p.h. faster or 50 m.p.h. slower as may be needed by the change of formation.

The result of this terrific speed range is that all kinds of new formations are now being used which were quite impossible with the old types.

There is nothing hair-raising or thrilling about this performance, as with some of the others, but it does give even the uninitiated some idea of the extraordinary controllability of the modern fighting machines.

Those who really want a sensation can get all they want out of the Converging Bombing Display by a flight of Fairy Flycatchers belonging to the Fleet Air Arm and manned entirely by Naval officers. There is something about the careless abandon with which the cheery *matelots* hurl their machines about the atmosphere which brings a chill to the hearts of even the most hardened war-pilots.

One performance in the programme which will be well worth watching, though it all looks so smooth that the inexperienced are apt to miss the beauty of it, is the combined acrobatics display by three single-seat Hawker Furies, Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines, of No. 43 Fighter Squadron. These are by far the fastest fighting aeroplanes in the world. Their top speed is alleged to be 220 m.p.h. but as a matter of fact it is considerably higher than that and they have been dived at well over 350 m.p.h., which is the speed of a Schneider racer, and yet they are fighting machines with full equipment. Pilots who have flown them tell me that although they are so terrifically fast they are actually easier to fly and more controllable than any single-seat fighter that the Air Force has ever had.

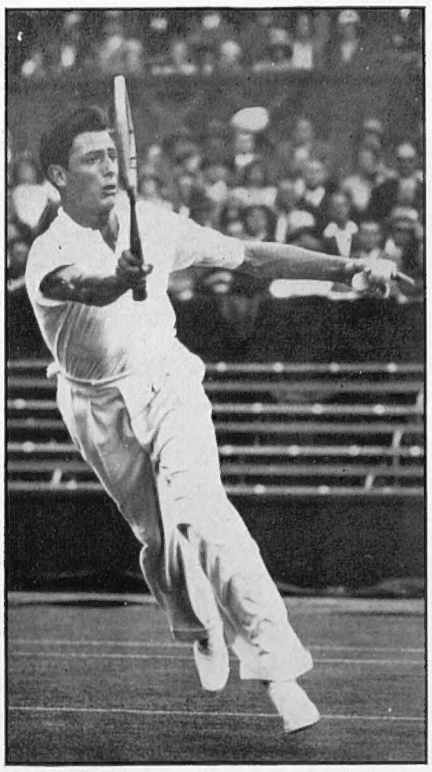
Incidentally, there is interest in noting that so long as the United States held the Schneider Trophy the American single-seat fighters were the fastest in the world, and ever since we have held the Schneider Trophy our fighting machines have been the fastest in the world. So let us hope that we keep it this year.

Another item in the programme which is always very impressive, largely because of its complete incongruity, is the fly-past of flying-boats. Last year the boats used were Supermarine Southamptons of the type which has been used for coastal patrol work for several years. I gather that this year we are to have the new Blackburn Irises, each with three Rolls-Royce Condor engines. One of these boats early in the year made the first non-stop flight on record from Plymouth to Lisbon, and also flew back non-stop. This was important because a little beyond Lisbon is Gibraltar, and a direct flight from Plymouth to Gibraltar is the only way by which we can reach our Overseas possessions without being indebted to any foreign country for harbourage. The Irises are a good deal bigger than the Southamptons, and the sight of practically sea-going ships over the aerodrome is always worth seeing.

The usual set-piece will wind up the show. In these pacifist days the best brains of the Air Ministry are continually at work to discover something which can legitimately go off with a loud bang without offending the susceptibilities of the anti-War people. This year the righteous aircraft of the Royal Air Force will be set to work to destroy an offensively large gun which has hidden itself in a cowardly manner close to what are apparently a couple of London County Council houses. Some people will be pleased by the destruction of the gun, but others will be pleased by the destruction of the latest abomination in modern architecture.

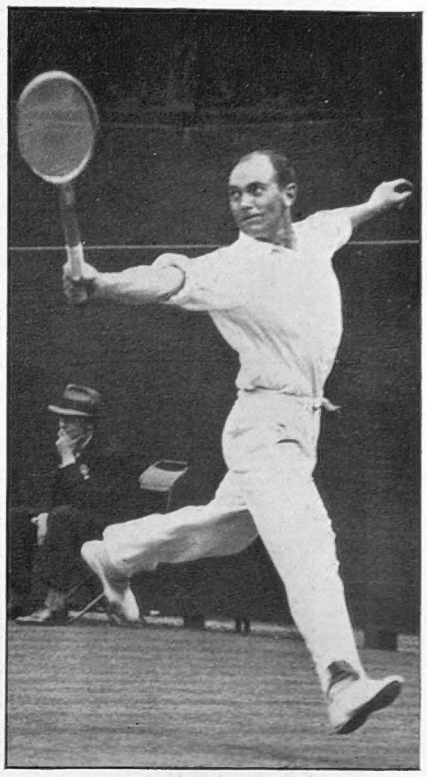
WIMBLEDON

First Day Sensations and Personalities



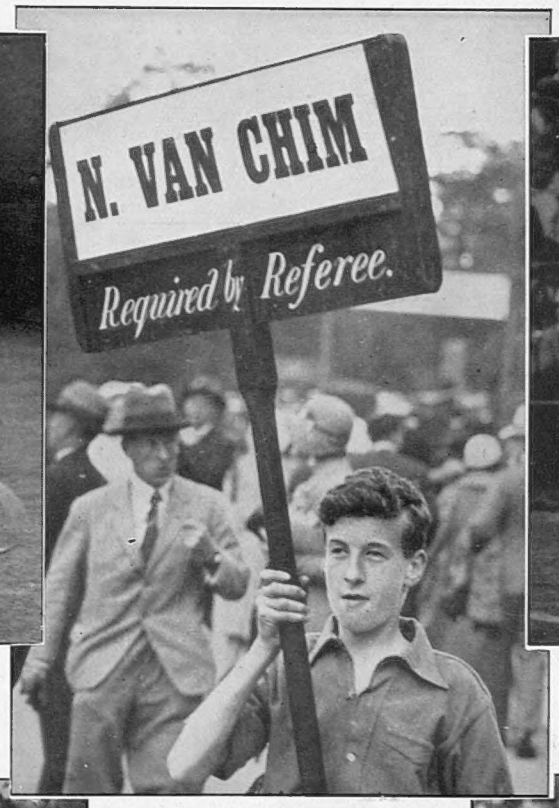
THE ALL-COURT AMERICAN: F. X. Shields, who "outed" Spence with a flattering but ominous score

ALL COURTS IN PLAY: An aerial view of the centre and No. I courts and a few of the outside courts on the opening day of the Wimbledon meeting. It was "Black Monday" with a vengeance for South Africa, Kirby losing to the "seeded" Satoh, Farquharson to Maier, Spence to Shields, and Raymond to Boussus. Zappa lost but Boyd won, for the Argentine. Another first round exit was G. S. Mangin, who went down to the giant Irishman, G. E. Lyttleton Rogers

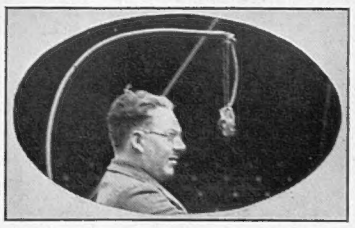


SHARPE WHO MADE COCHET LOOK FLAT: Nigel Sharpe, whose pertinacity defeated the unfit Lyonnais

WHERE SCOTLAND YARD COULD NOT CATCH ITS MAN! J. Cummings, the left-handed police force player, who fought gallantly, but to no avail, against the "seeded" F. J. Perry, who ran away in straight sets, 6-I, 6-3, 6-3



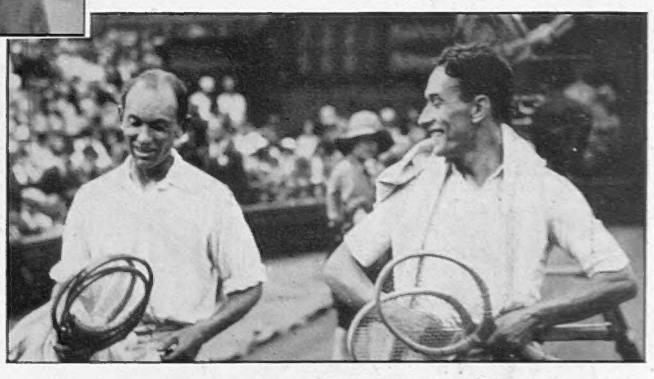
PRELUDE TO BEING SCRATCHED: A notice promenaded when a player is not available



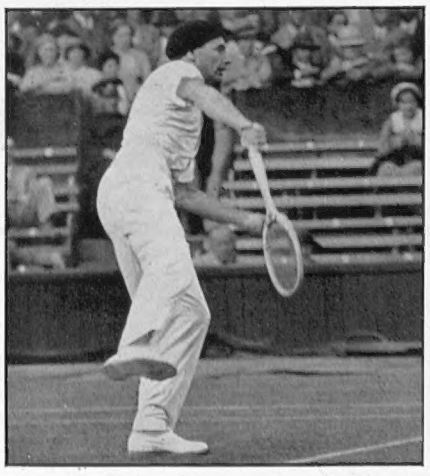
UMPIRE—and friend!

WEARING THE TROUSERS! Señorita de Alvarez who, apart from her tennis, created a centre court sensation with her divided skirt, her jauntily worn eye-shade, and her one tennis sock. She was given a fright by Mrs. Lycett

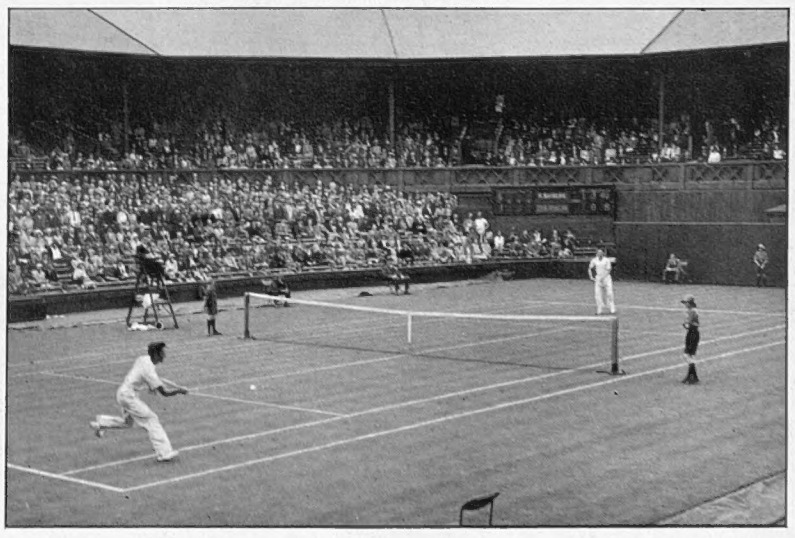
THE OPENING PAIR ON THE CENTRE COURT: Dr. Spence congratulates F. X. Shields after the first match



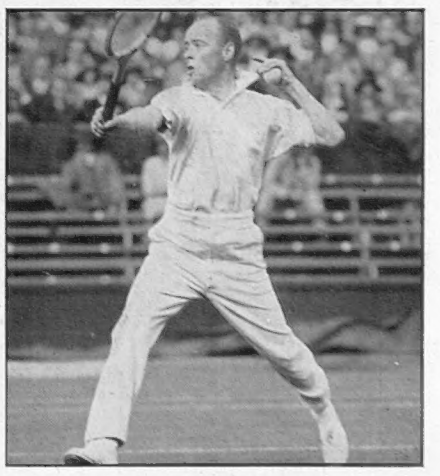
THE GOOD SPORTSMAN: Cochet grins broadly at his "unseeded" conqueror, N. Sharpe who won 6-I, 6-3, 6-2



BOROTRA'S BACKHAND: The Basque's first match gave him the chance of practice for his ground shots



THE OPENING MATCH OF THE MEETING: F. X. Shields, hailed as at once the Adonis from, and the hope of America, in play against P. D. B. Spence, for whom he proved much too good, winning in fifty minutes by 6-I, 6-I, 6-2



SMITH'S FOREHAND: Borotra's first opponent, who went down only after a match scoring 8-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-I

ASCOT:

A Survey of the Fashions

THE CARTWHEEL HAT worn above a flounced frock, shrouded in a dust-coat, was popular at 1931 Ascot

A QUASI-VICTORIAN FASHION: A striking creation in parchment taffeta worn with a picture hat to match

THE ART OF THE FLOUNCE: A picture gown in tiers of ecru lace

ONE — TWO — THREE: Salute, Mr. Esmond's Dowager Lady Nun unsaddling enclosure

THE PICNIC: Many Ascot parties elect to with them and enjoy (weather permitting) an the course. Cold chicken, strawberries, and staples of Ascot) go well on the top of a coach

SHEERNESS OF LINE: Miss Collinette in an ensemble of black and white. The ankle-length skirt seemed short amid the ground-trailers that were to be seen on every side, although not so brief as others

LONG SKIRT AND BOLERO: The athletic figure of 1931 looks very novel in the modes deriving from past eras

"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM": fashion has performed, having swung full circle from Victorianism the past decade back to the long skirt and picture hats of 1931. Um

1931

that have Created a Stir

Lord Glanely's Grand Ellenborough, *and the* Farnholme's Racedale *in the* [illegible] *the Royal Hunt Cup*

A PYJAMA MODE: An unusual creation in flimsy flounced georgette *and sable velvet*

CHEQUERBOARD: Miss E. G. Elcock enjoys a puff of a cigarette. *The short-waisted jacket is quite Victorian*

FIGURES OF THE STAGE: Mr. Edgar Wallace and Lady Lindsay Hogg (Frances Doble). The latter wears a fetching creation in muslin and lace eminently cool and refreshing to behold

[illegible] a collation [illegible] meal on [illegible]pagne (the [illegible] trestle table

LONG, LONGER, LONGEST: A study of the modern skirt. That on the right would have been considered very hampering a couple of years ago, but to-day it is definitely short. The central figure recalls the fichu of Victorian days, while on left is a flowered creation. With the increase in length of skirts, there is a corresponding enlargement of the hat

Three examples of the cycle which [illegible]ough the abbreviated modes of [illegible]ellas were an essential this year

SHELTERING FROM THE UBIQUITOUS RAIN: Miss Nisbet, in a flowered "daisy cutter," as the long gowns of to-day have been termed by the wits. The umbrella is an essential of any smart ensemble *(if it is to remain smart) this summer!*

LATE NEWS of the WEEK

Told in Pictures

THE WINNER: Miss Ann de Trafford pins the winning rosette for the children's class at the Hertfordshire Show at Hatfield

"THE PARSON" WINS KING'S CUP: Captain J. Misonne of Belguim

GERMAN WOMEN COMPETE AT OLYMPIA: Frau von Loebbecke and Frau Duensing, two of the brilliant foreign competitors at the Horse Show

AT A BELFAST WEDDING: The bridesmaids at the marriage of Mr. William Hutchinson and Miss Kathleen Adams at the Osborne Methodist Church

THE MINIATURE RAILWAY: Miss Dorothy Bartlam driving a group of nurses at the fête of the South London Hospital, attended by Princess Helena Victoria

AFTERMATH OF DISCUSSION: Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, leaving Claridge's after calling on Mr. Andrew Mellon

THE CADBURY CENTENNIAL FESTIVITIES: A small group at the great celebration at Bournville. *Inset above*—MR. BARROW CADBURY receives congratulations on the centenary of the firm from an employee

One hundred years ago, a young grocer, whose father had recently established him in business in Birmingham, started experimenting in the roasting and grinding of cocoa nibs. He was John Cadbury who advertised "Cocoa nibs prepared by himself, an article affording a most nutritious beverage for breakfast." This year the firm of Cadbury Bros. of Bournville are celebrating the centenary of a great business thus founded, at the head of which descendants of John Cadbury have assiduously worked year by year in the development of an ideal. No less than seven of the nine Managing Directors of today are direct descendants of the founder, while two other descendants are active workers in the firm's service. It has been stated that this centenary year of Cadbury's has recorded the largest volume of trade the firm has done in any year of its history, an achievement indeed in these days of industrial difficulties. Wherein lies the secret? Apart from sound business management, some satisfaction may well be due to relationship between master and man; at the "factory in a garden," as the works at Bournville are justly called, between eight and nine thousand employees go about their business under delightful conditions, and visitors, who are always welcome, cannot but be impressed by the healthy cheerfulness which abounds in this hive of industry. The centenary has been marked by the gift of a large open site for the purpose of hospital extension and public playgrounds, and by the distribution of £50,000 in National Saving certificates among the employees. They, in their turn, have marked the occasion by raising funds between themselves for the provision of a beautiful fountain in the grounds of Bournville. Cadbury Brothers have far-reaching interests overseas; in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, the Gold Coast, and Ashanti, the name is famous. The remarkable development of cocoa growing on the Gold Coast is fairly well known. Forty years ago the country exported some 80 lb. of raw cocoa, its value being £4. In 1929 its exports were 238,068 tons, nearly half the world's supply, its value being £9,704 493.

SPY NERVOUSNESS *in* FRANCE

"There is probably only one man who knows how many secret agents are at work to-day, and he King George V."

"How do all these retired British majors and colonels contrive to live on the Riviera? Perhaps the Intelligence Service could explain."

"In view of the ardent opposition the Intelligence Service displayed towards the grandiose projects of the Marshal (Kitchener) one may legitimately wonder if this Service did not do everything in its power to hinder, at all costs, their realization."

The ancient revolutionary legend of the gold of Pitt persists to-day in despite of the *Entente Cordiale*, and France lives in a state of "jump" for fear of the *Intelligence Service Britannique* which is credited with many more exploits and qualities than any human institution could achieve or possess

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SYMPTOMATIC: A sensational Anti-"I" *feuilleton* published in France. For all volumes of this type there is a great demand

The above excerpts are not the gibberings of some spy fictionist writing for the nursery or for Hanwell. They are taken from three responsible French publications, to wit, *Le Petit Journal*, *Gringoire*, and *Je Suis Partout*—the two latter weekly reviews understood to be favoured by the intelligentsia.

The *Intelligence Service Britannique* is having a great vogue in France just now. It always has done well in the publicity line with our neighbours, but in recent weeks and months it has occupied a place *de tout premier plan*. It has come to figure, among other things, under the appetising black headline of "The Powers of Darkness." Old Nick himself, in fact. And if this is not complimentary to a secret service, what could be?

I have been trying to analyse the French mind in this matter. Because do not imagine that it is not worth analysing. In this matter you should imagine the editor of our *Mail* or *Express* writing fervent forewords to spy books directed against France and whole-hoggedly accepting their contents. Also, themselves now and then writing articles on the subject. You should visualize authors of the calibre of a Mottram or a Tomlinson chiming in with similar bouquets of veracity for said spy works. And you should picture our reviews periodically lifting extracts from the whole and quoting them, sometimes with approving aside, sometimes uncommented. That is what has been happening in France, and mainly concerning the *Intelligence Service Britannique*, which now, you see, *inter alia*, murdered Lord Kitchener. Who wrote this? Again, the matter interests. The pen is that of the accepted chief authority in France on secret service in the late War and since, one Robert Boucard, and who has the further *cachet* of being the son of an examining magistrate whose job it was to investigate a charge against three alleged English spies some years ago. That fact appears to have invested the son, in the eyes of French editors and authors, with the gift of unveiling permanently the naked truth.

But why on earth should the French direct their spy nerves at England? Why not Italy? Or Germany? Or the Soviet? Or almost at anybody? Ah! now we come to the current state of the French mind in this whole matter. Supposing practically all our statesmen ever since 1918 had not ceased speechifying about the security of the British Isles? What, cumulatively, must have been the effect but a national fear complex? That is what has transpired in France. The country—the articulate country at any rate—has got the jumps. Nor are these jumps growing the less pronounced. A recent acquisition to the nervous brigade has been an eminent one who has heretofore refused to be rattled—Herriot. Herriot is now pointing the finger at the Stahlhelm with the best of them, and proclaiming that France must arm, arm. Nor will a once-equally-unrattled-one, Paul Boncour, permit himself to be outdistanced. To get the flavour, you might imagine Sir John Simon and Arthur Henderson similarly joining the Conservatives in England in regard to a continental situation. The effect of this accession to the arming precautionists in France should make itself unmistakably manifest at the Disarmament Conference. I use the term "arming precautionists" in order not to be suspect of taking sides one way or the other.

France, then, has the jumps. I don't think anyone even in France could long sustain the contrary. Seldom does a month go by now without something occurring calculated to accentuate the dance of the nervous France. Take this very week—the formation of a Francophobe Government in Brussels, one whose Minister of Defence is a Liberal inclined to breaking with the French frontier bond and substituting a national defence, backing on to Holland and to England, for neutrality's sake. At once a jumpy Paris diplomatic move: the hope of the "*Carrière*," M. Corbin, is translated from Madrid to Brussels.

That "alone" feeling, internationally, is hardly conducive to sound nerves. Poland and Yugo-Slavia are far away. However, if France feels herself progressively less sure of former allies, she also feels herself extremely strong physically. Her right arm is equipped as never before since the *Grande Epopée*. The temptation to use it, while yet the using is good, is not one easily to be resisted. (And let the consequences look after themselves! Or, rather, *we* shall look after them!) France feels herself strong. And the first thing a nation does when it feels itself strong, and also feels that it may need its sinews, is to take care that others pry as little as possible into the source, nature, and likely development of its strength.

Here we arrive at why espionage, generally, is so much in the air in France at the present time. The country—why ever deny it?—is arming and munitioning and digging and inventing like the dickens prior to entering the Disarmament Conference next February. It wants to get as much as possible done by that date so that when it has to give, yield here and there, it will retain correspondingly more, still tucked away *ungiven*. And all this precautionary arming—for it is definitely not offensive unless one accept the most rigid, exacting preservation of the Treaties in contemporary Europe as an offence, which not a few do—all this precautionary arming has, in turn, to be hedged in from alien observation, noting. We have therefore:

A nervous France, feeling "alone" compared with other days.

A strong France, consciously so, resolved to hide her sinews.

And when a country is feeling that way, its thoughts turn lightly to Intelligence Services. But why British? Now let us inquire into this.

There are many things, in the relations and reactions of French and English, for which one must go back for an explanation to the Napoleonic wars and even beyond. This is one of them. Our secret service, in the generation which ended with Waterloo, was of itself an extremely formidable foe. It was everywhere on the Continent, and Napoleon grew to have the most lively respect for its subtleties, seductions. "English gold" became a by-word. It won whole campaigns, declared the French! Not the troops so much as the gold, the almost unfailing secret success, brilliant usage of that gold. The French saw English spies everywhere; defeating them. The lore was handed down. Periodically, during hate interludes, such as the last decade of the nineteenth entury, it would be trotted out. Now it has been trotted out again.

I hesitate to say that the present is a hate interlude, but it is emphatically not a friendly one, viewed from the French side and cutting through all the pretty official verbiage, and in some quarters of no mean influence the unfriendliness assumes a deeper hue. We may be just as responsible for this state of affairs as the French. That is beside the point. I merely state the fact as it is necessary to mention it for the exposition of my point here. What appears to have happened, further, then is approximately this: The French having developed spy nerves, instinctively think of that spy service which once did them such damage in the past. "English gold," or, rather, in the changed terminology of the day: "*la livre anglaise*." Eternal bogey.

But there is this also to be said in accounting for the spate of anti-English espionage vapourings. Sixteen books of greater or lesser worth have been published in England since the War purporting to tell this, that and the other aspect of our secret service or Intelligence work during 1914–18. No other country has been responsible for half the number; and some of the English compilations have emanated from men of known connection with the secret side of our War. What has transpired? It is a sorry literary incident. These books, *the sound with the unsound, the sober with the sensational*, have been freely poached upon, pirated, pinched, by French authors and journalists and their contents all jumbled together and distorted for general turning against England. The resultant reading is of *feuilleton* sensationalism. There is no such field to draw upon in Germany or Italy. So the *Intelligence Service Britannique* is gratuitously reared upon high as "the Powers of Darkness," and the French papers are replete with pictures and yarns, of themselves mostly idiotic and not fit for unintelligent schoolgirls, yet whose composite effect in the mass suggestion line must be still further to retard the international atmosphere.

Having made tolerably clear, I hope, why "Intelligence" has come to occupy such a high place in the esteem of contemporary France, even to Riviera majors being suspected, it seems fitting to conclude with a few facts about current espionage in relation to France, facts which will automatically give a background to French spy nervousness of the moment.

In the first place France is herself spying as she never did before. She is spying on Italian activities, navally, in the Alps, in Tripoli. She is spying over the German demilitarized zone and even as far afield as Koenigsberg, where three French officer "tourists" were recently apprehended photographing. Over the demilitarized zone, covering one whole quarter of Germany and harbouring 15,000,000 inhabitants, French aeroplanes are constantly "erring," "losing their way." Sometimes they have to come down when there are German imposed fines and confiscations.

Conversely, the French are on tip-toe to preserve inviolate the details of their frontier and aerial defences, and they experience the greatest difficulty in at least one quarter—Alsace—in doing this. A thoroughgoing espionage network in German pay was recently laid bare in Strasbourg; but be sure that ring upon ring remains in this area, operating right adjacent to the new frontier defences, concealed in the contours of the countryside. The *Sûreté*—which is not at all a C.I.D. but a ten times bigger special branch allocated to the Ministries of Foreign Affairs, War, and Interior—has been considerably increased of late from its round 1,000 in order to cope with the new counter-espionage necessities.

All this that I am writing is perfectly well known to your average Frenchman if he seldom mentions it above a café whisper. Espionage is in the air. And how! (As the prosperity experts would say). It is in the air more so because France is herself practising it as never in the past than because the country should be strewn with German and Italian and British and Soviet spies. Of course this quartette is represented in the present gravely uncertain state of Europe, and the first law in nature requires that a country being spied upon should take adequate counter measures as France is doing; but my point is that the general spy nervousness of the country, which has found main outlet in concentration upon the attentuated if excellent British S.S.—probably as interested nowadays in at least two and possibly three other countries as in France—is traceable to several parallel circumstances, psychological, political, imaginary, as well as hard facts of the espionage case itself, as this is being enacted. It is hardly a pleasant or a hopeful atmosphere, as those of us who remember the German spy mania in England years before the War, will readily concur. It is a special pity that the French people should be regaled with simpleton distortions about ourselves in so delicate a matter.

A postcript to this tale takes one to Geneva. There are many who believe that if espionage talk is a pointer to approaching trouble, the talk of itself generates added risk, and the more irresponsible and disseminated the talk the worse the offence. France has a deal to answer for in this respect, which others have not, because of the great licence permitted by her laws. That by the way.

Spying is part and parcel of armament, of defensive armament in great part, still, of armament. It, therefore, surely seems to call for inclusion in the great debates which will open in February next. If on no other ground, because the official practice of espionage between the nations dovetails right into the matter of peoples reposing mutual trust in one another, without which symptom much of disarmament planning must be vain. As a mere suggestion, a convention might be proposed by which such States-Members as were willing would engage not to practise officially inspired and paid for espionage one upon the other over a given lapse of time—say, while certain schemes for the stabilization of armaments were being given a trial run, as presumably will be the case if anything is done at all. A counsel of perfection? Perhaps so. Yet the gesture alone would add to the cleared air. And there could be means retained to see that it was not a mere gesture. One sees no parallel reason why nations should not maintain *counter* espionage systems so long as these should be deemed necessary by the countries themselves, and always provided agents of this purely protective branch did not operate on foreign soil. Theirs would be the job, precisely, of seeing that the accord not to spy *was* being honoured. Of course, the checking of whether a caught spy was being officially controlled or was merely "working on his own" would present difficulties. But that is beyond present scope. I merely suggest that it is never too early to make a beginning with things that must eventually come if we are to pull through.

JUNGLE REBELLION IN BURMA

Its Origin and Its Difficulties

By Lieutenant-General Sir GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B.

The continuance of a rebellion in Burma over the best part of a year is no creditable thing either for the government of that province or, for the matter for that, of the Government of India itself. Indeed it is quite possible to imagine that it is the hot air in the central pipes which is at the bottom of the trouble, the belief that a rising can be quelled by the simple process of saying "There ain't no sich thing." But the position of Burma as regards internal operations has always been a thing apart since the final annexation of that country in 1886. One says advisedly "final," for it is to be remembered that twice before had the contemptuous disregard of the King of Burma been the cause of an expedition from India, as the only means, not only of redress, but of getting an answer to communications. In 1826 Tenaserim and Aracan were ceded as compensation and war indemnity, and in 1854 Pegu. In 1886 the whole kingdom, then past praying for, was annexed and the career of the ineffective Theebaw and his dominating queen, Supiyalat, was closed. For close on fifty years since has Burma been a contented, prosperous, and modern province.

The first years after annexation were followed by entirely unnecessary and unexpected guerilla warfare solely due to the chief civil authority letting the royal army disband, with its arms and without any guarantees of its behaviour. With arms in its hands, and without the least intention of doing a day's work, it turned brigand and—

> Shot at the strong and slashed at the weak
> From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak.

It waged war equally impartially on the British and on its own country folk, harrying the latter to disgorge their savings, and literally it "filled old ladies with kerosene," and crucified village headmen who communicated with the police. Up and down the land parties of British and Indian soldiers tramped, through winter and through rains—

> Tramped through the jungle and camped in the byre,
> Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the mire.

It was fairly obvious that this sort of thing would go on long after the main offenders had been brought to book and the main forces dispersed. So, partly owing to the advice of Sir Frederick Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief in Madras, it was decided to raise a number of military police battalions from volunteers from Indian corps in the first instance, give them two or three British officers, and let them, as armed police and not as a regular military force, be at the entire disposal of the civil power, and do their "bush-whacking" without using the big hammer of a military detachment. All of which was very statesmanlike, while it humbugged inquisitive and misunderstanding politicians who wanted to know what military operations were still in progress in that unfortunate Burma. The military police, on very similar lines, have remained ever since. The provinces of the Irrawaddy are rich and fertile, but they are bounded by forest and scrub-clad hills which separate Burma from India on the west and from Siam and China on the east. They are inhabited by tribes chiefly Chins on the west and Kachins on the east, who from time immemorial have raided into Burma for their slaves, using as their motto that of the immemorial Falstaff at Gadshill, "Young men must live and gorbellied knaves with fat purses are fair game." To put a stop to this the military forces were engaged for three or four years more after the destruction of the dacoits of the royal army. About 1893 or so the soldiers' work was done, headhunters and slave-raiders were under restraint, and Burma settled down to a period of prosperity and good government with all the improvements in education, in agriculture, and in trade that modern British administration has stood for.

It is unfortunate for the British Government that the period of advancement in democratic government, miscalled the Montfort's "reforms," should have coincided with the world-spread of the Moscow germ. For the last ten years there has been the same subterranean influence at work in the dark and unhappy corners as the muckrakers have induced elsewhere. It has always, too, been possible for some pretender to the Burma throne, for there were many wives and concubines and many little sons of the pagoda to get a following. Outside Moscow, which so eagerly fishes in any troubled water, there is always the sedition party in India, seeking any spot in which it can lay its noxious eggs. To this has come recently a new criss-cross element of disturbance, the anger of a certain class of Indian settled in Burma at the proposal, so popular there with British and Burman, that the country shall be separated from the present absurdity, the "reformed" Government of India. Incidentally it is to be mentioned that the Indian, who has flocked to Burma for trading and other economic purposes, has always been disliked in Burma under the somewhat contemptuous term *kulal*. It will be noticed in the recent cables that Indians are reported as hastily leaving Burma in fright.

As a matter of government under British guidance, Burma should have, and indeed has, offered none of the problems of India; Buddhism has never been bitter, the old order of priesthood has none of that age-old passion for political intrigue which has distinguished Brahminism through the ages. There are not the two powerful old religions of antiquity and prejudice throwing their weight in turn against Great Britain as in India. It was and is, from a human point of view, a simple proposition as problems go for the Briton. It has, however, long been a grievance that the ample revenues of Burma should be merged into the same great pool that finances exigent India, though modern arrangements have eased this.

All the while there has been in the country a garrison considerably less than a division of troops with at most a couple of mountain batteries. Since the war some local battalions have been raised, not from Burmans, a loblolly jovial crowd who hate routine and discipline, but from the eager little hillmen, Kachins, Chins, and Karens, formerly head-hunters and slave-raiders who bid to gain as great a reputation as good soldiers as Gurka Thapa himself. Indeed, some of them came across to Moplahland to get My Lord of Reading's Government out of the serious mess in which the forgetting of the first rules of mastery had landed them a few years back. The military police force, as efficient as ever, still enlisted from northern India remains and, during the last thirty years, has been able to cope with any ebullition of the slave-raiders and head-hunting urge, or the more practical looters of jade-convoys on their way to far Cathay. Equally, also, have they been able to cope with any ebullition of King Theebaws by-blows, with a pension or umbrella grievance, and so has the province passed through the years of its new-found prosperity, almost in true Burman spirit, the years that the locust have eaten so far as troubles went.

So much for the story from '85 to '30. Then comes the story of the great world that thought it could jazz itself back to prosperity after pouring its life savings into the maw of universal war. Burma, so prosperous in its high-grade luscious rice product, so different from the nasty grains of less blessed rice-swamps, suddenly finds her bursting bags unsold. The savings, too, of her life-time, piled as in India on her pretty wives' arms and ankles and flattened breasts, suddenly become of little worth. Some thrice accursed foreigner, practising some devil-cult he did not understand, has demonetized silver—whatever that may mean—and the bottom is out of the prosperity and savings of the country side, tinkle the temple bells never so gaily.

As the late Francis Bacon has so carefully explained for future statesmen, "If there be fuel prepared it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come. The matter of seditions is of two kinds—much poverty and much discontentment," and so forth, a pretty gift book in fact for governors and even viceroys. With these troubles, two ounces of Moscow baking powder, half-a-pound of trade distress, half-a-pound of demonetized silver, two ounces of Indian sedition, a quarter-pound of local police oppression (may be), poured into a copper dish and well stirred, with one poverty-stricken royal descendant and a dismissed dishonest official on top, with an ambitious lass or two chewing pan and breathing on the pottage, something happens. Rebellions of this sort begin in a simple way: a young British magistrate or an unpopular *myok* is murdered, and possibly a few Martini carbines, bored to take buck-shot, are stolen from a police post. If someone gets very angry, and action swift and vigorous follows, butter will melt in nobody's mouth, and all quiets down. But if local government hesitates, if a legislator suggests that "honest man resists oppression of underlings," and things drift a bit, then it may come along like the roar of a forest fire.

Trouble has been now going on these lines and from these causes for close on a year. The jungle being damp and not too dry, the fire has crept rather than blazed. It was an old charge against the civil government that, in the days when times were more troublous, they would play too long with their military police, with their hand-extinguishers, before asking for the fire brigade in the shape of troops, who at last had to come in when matters had been bungled and allowed to grow serious. That is not an unnatural happening. The call for troops does signal civil failure, for reasons avoidable or not, and authority has hesitated. Now the fat is in the fire.

A rebellion has been endemic in the Tharawadi districts, a penal settlement of the old king's time which is some sixty miles north of Rangoon on the railway line to Prome. The district lies between the mighty Irrawaddy, which is practically Burma, and the lesser parallel river, the Sitaung, which runs east of it. The country is intersected with rich rice fields, but the low hills of the district are covered with bamboo jungle and some forest, and amid the valleys in the hills there are countless jungle roads leading to the remoter villages. There are the usual police *rhanas* and magistracy, schools, a main road or two, now accessible to a motor, and the usual amenities possible in an irrigated country.

The Government having delayed and tarried, in their desire to disbelieve in anything serious, have asked for troops too late, with the immediate result that the garrison of Burma is not sufficient and that more troops, a whole brigade, have been summoned from India; summoned, too, just as the rainy season is commencing, when the troops must bivouac and march in torrential rain, when malaria is very rife and when leeches find every bit of bare skin on the body to batten on. So much for the height of administrative folly, to be redeemed as usual by the discomforts and suffering and unnecessary loss of life to be borne by the troops. Already a good many lives have been lost.

In the best of the season the military operations are not easy. Conditions put one back a hundred years. Long range weapons find no scope. You cannot see. You march in single file, a few scouts in front draw the fire from some loop-holed stockade that suddenly appears round the corner, 80 yards away. A mountain gun, perhaps, is put together behind a teak tree and run out. Gunner Jones or Gunner Maan Singh gets a shot in the chest, a couple more are hit, then a 10-lb. shell breaks through the stockade and bursts in a bandit's abdomen. The shouting of abuse and the banging of gongs cease, the stockade is yours, and one excitement is over till a day or two later.

> A snider squibbed in the jungle, somebody laughed and fled
> And the men of the 1st Shikaris picked up their subaltern dead
> With a big blue mark in his forehead and the back blown out of his head.

That is the jungle campaign. 'Planes do not help you much, for the country is overgrown; the most they can see is a crowd round a pagoda or busy crucifying a headman of a village. But as recently they have been forbidden to bomb or shoot, on the few occasions they got a target their employment has been rather hot air.

The rule of rebellions is this: "Use the police as long as you can, but if soldiers are necessary, let them soldier." The which is an allegory worthy of understanding.

In the meantime the war goes on, and the troops are busy quartering the disturbed country as fast as the torrents of rain will permit, and what is more important, someone who can direct and knows where to fling his weight about is now in charge. When I was bush-whacking we used to sing a merry song to the air of "Old Dog Tray," and it ran, "We've broken many teeth in eating bully beef, in the neighbourhood of Mandalay." I wonder if they still sing it, and in any case the Burma lass with her whacking great cheroot is a merry one, and all the more so if she be rebellious.

"Conditions put one back a hundred years. Long range weapons have no scope. You cannot see"—owing to the impenetrable tangle of over and undergrowth of the Burmese jungle at the headwaters of the Irrawaddy

A HOLY SEASIDE RESORT OF INDIA

Special pictures sent by HERR BOSSHARD

And the Scene at Srinagar when the Maharaja of Kashmir Made his State Return

THE RETURN OF THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR: The scene on the River Sheum at Srinagar when the Maharaja and (to the astonishment of the spectators) the Maharani returned in state from the Round Table Conference. The Maharani wore a golden sari and magnificent jewels. They were attended by bearers carrying golden shields. The crowds were hushed, for Hindus do not cheer, but a murmur rustled through the throng when it was realized the prince's consort was for the first time appearing in public unveiled

IN THE COSTUME OF THE ORISSA FISHER'S CASTE: Herr Bosshard wearing the straw cap and carrying the ritual umbrella

BATHING AT JAGANATH PURI: The straw cap represents a caste mark of the Orissa fishermen. It was adopted by the bathers as a joke, but no objection was raised as members of the caste own the resort

BATHING MASTERS: These belong to the Orissa fishers caste. They are permitted to follow other callings, but they must marry and feed only with caste limits

A HOLY SEASIDE RESORT OF INDIA: Jaganath Puri, a seaside resort, to which pilgrims have travelled for years, has recently been popularized among Europeans in India. It is owned by members of the caste of the Orissa fishermen, whose ritual dress of plaited and pointed straw cap and umbrella has been adopted by the bathers

DIRECTING NAIANT TRAFFIC: A policeman at Jaganath Puri whose duty is to see that the European bathers and the ritual of the ablutionary pilgrims do not clash

"BUNNY" AND "RABBIT" ARE NOT SYNONYMS! Austin's backhand

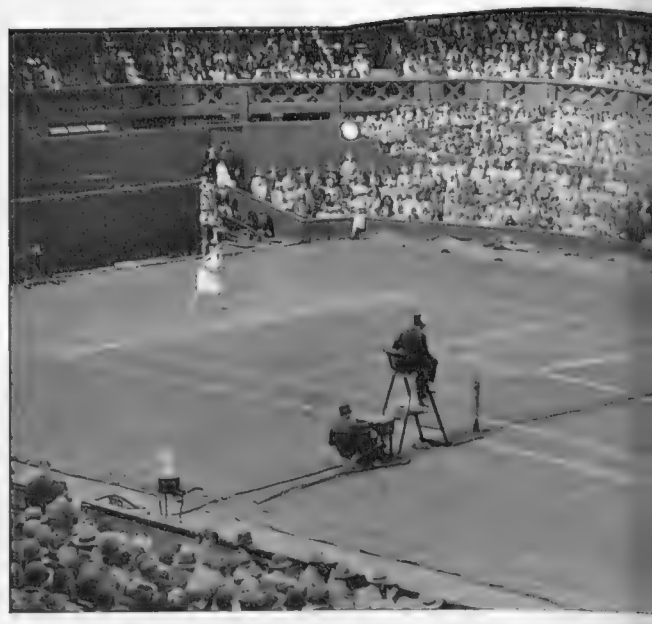
THE WIZARD: Cochet makes a winning shot. *Inset*—Fräulein Aussem

A NEW STAR: Miss Dorothy Round executes a cross-court forehand drive

DETERMINATION: J. S. Olliff. *Inset*—A typical "Betty" expression

THE MAKER OF OPENINGS: I. G. Collins, who does the donkey work for his doubles partner, J. C. Gregory, to give the spectacular *coup de grâce*

BACKHAND: Borotra, the electric Basque, rivals Cochet in achieving impossible shots from impossible positions and in impossible attitudes



PRESENTED AT (THE CENTRE) COURT! The greatest Mecc

A WIMBLEDON

An Observation of the Star

By G. H. W

"Me, I vant to kneow 'oo veel veen ze Veemble. Ees eet Borotra or Cochet?"

Thus a Frenchman of my acquaintance the other night between the sole and the tournedos. Later, shifting my seat to listen to a transatlantic guest holding forth on the virtues of prohibition while he punished (presumably as a criminal agent) my host's brandy, I caused him to abandon the topic of that rather stale and tragic jest, to demand of me: "Say, you're a shark at tennis. Who's winning? Lahtt or Van Ryn?"

"Say, rather, Austin or Perry," suggested my host.

For a triangular dog-fight commend me to three ardent tennis fans of different nations, each urging the claims of their several favourites. But the point raised will be discussed, more or less amicably, everywhere. "'Oo veel veen ze Veemble?" It is a hard nut to crack.

Never, at any rate since the War, has Wimbledon been so open an event. Gone is Big Bill—to the far from Elysian fields of professionalism; gone too, to the same wilderness, Suzanne. And Helen is not playing tennis this year. And another lack is Miss Ryan—"the finest player never to win the singles"—for she has strained her leg too badly to play. A pity! She would have been my choice for both mixed and ladies' doubles.

The singles have many short odds competitors. I do not fancy Austin, for I doubt his stamina, improved though it is; nor Gregory, for he has not the imagination. Kingsley is not quite first class in the solo game. English hopes will be centred wisely in Perry and G. P. Hughes; but I do not think either has quite the class to win through to the final.

Lott (Lahtt to his compatriots!) I have not seen since last year, but I doubt if he is quite as good in singles as in doubles; and Van Ryn I am convinced is not. Wood (who has abandoned plus fours for tennis) and Shields are a little behind the other Davis Cup Yanks. I hold to this view despite the fact that the latter has been "seeded." Remains G. S. Mangin, who went Bunny (not "rabbit") shooting in three straight sets (the last of them to "love") last year. But he is not playing for the Davis Cup team. In passing the Americans in review, I must regret the absence of Wilmer Allison—a player whose skill was only just eclipsed by his sportsmanship.

The Japanese contingent has not shone this year. There is no Schmidzu among them. They were too convincingly defeated at Eastbourne to give other nationalities even pause to consider, and the South African defeat at Devonshire Park has removed, to shrewd judges, the danger of a Raymond surprise, for he was not even played for the Davis Cup. Zappa, of the Argentine (he has just beaten Kingsley convincingly) is good enough to defeat many good players, but not good enough to reach the final.

Remains, France. France, with a Borotra slightly older but much sounder than the "Bounding Basque with the Béret" of some years ago; a Brugnon to be discounted in the singles game; a Boussus ranked No. 9 in the world; a Gentien who has beaten Borotra: and a Cochet who is still apt to rely, much too much for his supporters' comfort, on pulling out the amazing stuff, of which he *is* capable, only when he is "two sets, five love, and forty love down." The little Lyonnais has been beaten by Hughes this year; nearly lost to Timmer last year; lost to Allison—to the amazement of the world—and is still ranked No. 1 in the "World's Ten," who read, by the way, Cochet, Tilden, Borotra, Doeg, Shields, Allison, Lott, de Morpurgo, Boussus, and Austin. Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 8 are not appearing this year. The ranking of Shields below Doeg and above Allison and Lott confirms my belief that the first-named is not the most serious challenger. Doeg had no ground shots whatsoever.

I think it is to one of the two "Old Musketeers" still to be reckoned with—Cochet and Borotra—that we must look for the Singles Champion this year, and, despite his disappointment both against Allison in 1930 and Hughes in 1931, I think

[tennis players and enthusiasts in the world

HOROSCOPE

n Their Courtly Courses

RAMSEY

Cochet is the man for the job. I look to see Cochet, Borotra, Perry, and, probably, Lott (who should beat the stronger "seeded" Satoh) as the last four.

With the Ladies', as with the Men's, there are a lot of favourites. Let us consider the English "possibles" first, for Miss Ryan is out of it, and Mrs. Harper will not survive, I think, even to the finals. Mrs. Godfree—Kitty McKane of yesteryear—is, I think, no serious challenger; Mrs. Lycett—Joan Austin, Bunny's sister—no better; Miss Round, of the same class; Miss Heeley, a shade to the good. Miss Ridley is the dark horse; she has a nasty habit of beating people to whom she is expected to succumb and going down to those she should trounce. And, on her day, with her terrific service and her magnificent drive, Mrs. McIlquham can beat anyone playing. She may well spring a surprise and "out" some fancied contestant in the first two rounds, to go down herself in the third. Those who saw her defeat the Señorita two years ago will recall the amazing tennis she produced; her driving would put many a "class" man to inglorious shame. Were she faster, more wily, more imaginative, and more consistent, she would be unbeatable. Miss Nuthall—the much-boomed Betty,—is an "if-er" to a degree, especially in singles. She will be beaten, I think, never by pace, possibly by court-craft, certainly by generalship. I look to see her in the last eight but little further. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall—Eileen Bennett as she ever remains at Wimbledon—will be beaten, if beaten she is—by herself. The occasion is ever her most deadly opponent at Wimbledon, turning to no account her most beautifully produced shots, sending out her hardest drives, netting her severest volleys. British hopes, despite an inglorious record in 1931, should be placed, I think, on Miss Mudford. She should be safe for a place in the last eight.

Of the foreigners, I think Fräulein Krahwinkel will not proceed beyond the last eight; Mlle Adamoff and Mlle Sigard not beyond the last sixteen. Miss Jacobs should reach the last eight. I look to see Madame Mathieu, too, in the last eight, and Fräulein Cilly Aussem probably in the last two. The little "German Suzanne" has come on like a house afire. She will take a lot of beating and *might* give a fright to-day even to Mrs. Moody. Remains the most brilliant personality in the modern game—Señorita de Alvarez. To her I look to achieve at last what Mrs. Moody so often prevented—the winning of the Championship. I think, now the sustained brilliance of Helen Wills is not to be seen on the court, Lili de Alvarez's pyrotechnical half-volleys will defeat the more balanced game of Fräulein Aussem. It is a Spanish-German final I expect to see, however, with two English players to be knocked out in the penultimate round. Were it not that Madame Mathieu has the bad luck to meet the Fräulein before the "semi," I should have placed her as one of the last four.

The Men's Doubles boast seven or eight pairs which are bound to provide scintillating stuff. Lott and Van Ryn are fancied, but I shall be surprised if they can cope with Gregory and Collins—who, two years ago, ran Allison and Van Ryn to five grim sets; Allison is better than Lott by at least two-sixths. The French pairs—Boussus-Borotra and Cochet-Brugnon—have a habit of not coming off. The latter won in 1928, but "Toto" is so lamentably weak overhead that I see France in the last four pairs only possibly. The Japanese will not prove troublesome, but the Satoh-Lyttleton Rogers combination may upset calculations. The gigantic Irishman is capable of great things on his day. To lob him, however deep, is certain death! Personally I fancy Perry and Hughes as the winners and Gregory-Collins, Lott-Van-Ryn and Austin-Kingsley (the little Englishman is a demon in a double) as the last four, A doubtful pair of giant killers might be Eames and Crole-Rees, despite the handicap of *anno Domini*; the latter, if he finds his touch, is more than dangerous in a double, and the reverse service and smash of Eames are both puzzling and effectual.

(Continued on p. 600)

AMERICAN DANGER: G. M. Lott "prays" for his backhand

OVERHEAD WORK is J. C. Gregory's weapon. *Inset*—Mrs. McIlquham

THE GERMAN SECOND STRING: Fräulein H. Krahwinkel defends

BRITAIN'S SINGLES HOPE: Miss Mudford. *Inset*—Miss Joan Ridley

UNSEEDED DANGER: R. Miki, the Japanese not chosen for the Davis Cup team, has been winning many tournaments. He takes a deal of beating

AMERICA FIGHTING HARD: J. Van Ryn in grim mood. He is playing with Lott in the doubles which he won with Allison last year. His net work is brilliant

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

LOTTERY IN THE SOVIET: The first draw for prizes to subscribers to the "Five Year Plan in Four Years" Loan in Rostov-on-Don has just been held. Above are Young Communists popularizing the Loan and the Draw in bannered procession with an anti-Capitalist effigy impaled

FIGURES OF DEATH.—Statistical reports are rarely the dry-as-dust documents one expects them to be. More often than not "government figures" reveal vivid cross-sections of human interest. Who would believe, for instance, that in the United States of energetically-organized reform, propaganda, and religious revivals, there remain 10,000 villages without churches, 30,000 villages without resident pastors, and 13,400,000 children under twelve without religious instruction? That is the claim, however, of the Home Missions Council of North America.

There are seventeen times as many murders per 100,000 population in America as in England and Wales according to Frederick L. Hoffman, writing recently in [illegible] publication. Murder has increased 100 per cent. in the last thirty years. Firearms are used in three cases out of four. Memphis, Tenn., led in 1930 with a rate of 58·8 per 100,000 compared with notorious Chicago's [illegible] per 100,000. Mr. Hoffman [illegible] that in thirty-six States [illegible] [illegible] last year. [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICS AND ART IN RUSSIA.—"Everything and everybody in Russia is harnessed to the Five Year Plan," writes a friend from Moscow.

"[illegible] happened in the art exhibition in Moscow the other day. The political censor, walking along and inspecting the pictures, shook his head [illegible] no place in the [illegible]. It was a beautiful [illegible]. The sad stillness of [illegible].

"There should be no [illegible] in Russia. All [illegible] Bolshevik *tempo*, [illegible] how the Five Year Plan is being [illegible] Russian artist of to-day [illegible] This was nothing but [illegible] escape from reality. The political censor [illegible] in the catalogue [illegible].

"The political censor walked on. He came to [illegible] 'A Family of Pigs.' [illegible] It left nothing to the imagination concerning the subject of pigs. They were very dirty Russian pigs. Mother Sow lay nursing her [illegible] odour of that pig [illegible] pencil. Out of the catalogue and off the walls went those pigs.

"Now what possible political significance could those pigs have? you will ask me. Ah! But that only shows how little you know of Russia.

"A great campaign is being waged in the Soviet Union to increase the cattle and the pigs. The papers often write about the 'pig front.' It is even called 'the main line of defence.' The plan is to increase the supply of pork in the whole Soviet Union in record time. That, too, is part of the Five Year Plan. In order to do this pigs must be well fed, and pigs must be clean. After all, pigs are a political issue. The amount and standard of pork will be raised. There will be more meat for the workers. Meat means brawn, and it is the brawn and brains of millions of Russians who are building the Five Year Plan. If there are bigger, better and cleaner pigs it will help to complete the Five Year Plan in four years.

"But what had the artist done to forward this work? The family of pigs he portrayed were dirty, dreadfully dirty, scrubby animals. They were none too fat. Their food could not have been good, and the standard of sanitation displayed in this pig-pen was almost Tsaristic. No! These pigs would not do at all.

"Can you wonder that I find it interesting in Russia, and consider it a privilege to be here and watch and study this gigantic experiment?"

MARINETTI AND MACARONI.—Mussolini told me in Rome last winter that he is anxious to encourage the use of rice (which can be grown in Italy), partly to replace macaroni, the flour for which has to be imported from abroad. The Duce received me immediately after he had been discussing the matter with a Rice Commission. His enthusiasm always impresses me as being infectious and inspiring.

That may account for the recent outburst from Signor F. T. Marinetti, member of the Italian Academy and leader of the Futurist movement in Italy. Signor Marinetti probably caught the infection of the Duce's enthusiasm for a very sound and constructive economic idea, flavoured it with futurism, and served it to his disciples with the sauce of academical art. Assailing macaroni as the "bane of Italy," condemning spaghetti, [illegible] and the whole savoury scale of luscious Italian national dishes, Signor Marinetti declares that "one thinks, dreams, and acts according as one eats and drinks."

"We feel the necessity of preventing the Italian from becoming cubic and short-sighted, fat and [illegible]," says Marinetti, speaking on behalf of the Italian Futurists. "Let him rather harmonize himself ever more closely with light, spiral, Italian temperament, composed of passion, tenderness, light, will-power, vigour, and heroic tenacity. Let us prepare ourselves with agile bodies for the [illegible]

WHERE WEST MEETS EAST: Sailors from U.S.S. Houston at the impressive mountain Tomb of Sun-Yat-Sen, Father of the Chinese Republic

[illegible] that will replace our heavy trains of iron and steel. Convinced that the most agile people will triumph in future [illegible], let us prepare now the most suitable diet for [illegible] that will be more aerial and rapid. [illegible] chief necessities. [illegible] of Italy." He refers of course to Italian "paste" dishes like macaroni. "It places an obstacle in the way of the vivacious spirit, of the generous, intuitive, and passionate soul of the Neapolitans. The defenders of *pasta* go about with balls of it in their stomachs, like galley slaves with their balls and chains."

The perfect meal, according to this Futurist, calls for the abolition of the knife and fork; the development of an art of perfumery to stimulate digestion. Each dish should be preceded by a perfume wafted over the table. Music between courses, the abolition of eloquence and political talk over the table, the presentation in rapid succession of dishes to excite curiosity, surprise, and the imagination.

Two Futurist painters, Fillia and Prampolini, are co-operating. The latter recently designed a dish called "Equator plus North Pole." This is composed of an Equatorial ring of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, with bits of orange stuck here and there. In the centre rises a white-of-egg cone, whose summit is crowned by truffles cut in the shape of aeroplanes. Another Futurist recipe is known as "Alaska salmon *à la* Sunbeam with Mars sauce."

This ethereal diet is for Italians only. Signor Marinetti admits that the Englishman may require his kippered herrings, roast beef, and puddings; that the Dutchman may derive greater benefit from his meat and cheese, the German from his sauerkraut and sausages. But macaroni is no good for the passionate, poetic soul of the romantic Italian.

FILMS IN RUSSIA.—Sheik-like "Valentinos" and beautiful "stars" on the screen are of no help in the Five Year Plan, therefore the cinema in Soviet Russia plans to eliminate them.

That is the decision of the Union Kino, the largest organization in the film industry in Russia, which is going in for "professional-actorless" films. As a consequence, the 365 trained actors and actresses in the Russian film industry seem likely to be about the only "unemployed" in the Soviet realm. Many of them have European training, and it will not be surprising if Hollywood, England, and Germany are treated to a miniature deluge of lovely Russian screen stars before the end of the year. The G.I.K., or Cinema Institute, has closed its department for the training of actors and actresses for the movies.

The explanation is simple, the Russians say—utilitarian. The Soviet cinema has been pressed into the propaganda service of the Five Year Plan, and the screen is more than three-quarters devoted to the business of showing the uneducated or little-educated masses by pictures the growing industrialization of Russia. The Union Kino announces that this year seventy-five per cent. of the film production in Russia will be political and educational films and twenty-five per cent., or even less, of the artistic type.

The political-educational films are largely "hero-less." The individual hero or heroine is given no place in them. They do not fit in with big factories, mazes of machinery, tractors, engines, proletarian masses.

The characters are selected strictly according to type. Real Red Army soldiers, tractor-drivers, real peasants, bricklayers, machinists, tram-conductors, policemen, are used in Soviet films. It follows that there is little idealization in these types.

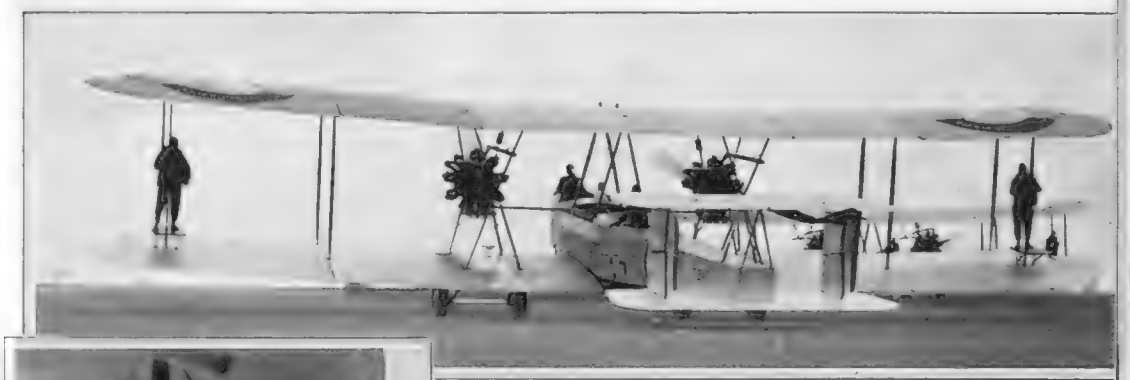
The films are often dull to a westerner, but they are realistic—true to life as it is in Russia. Youth, individually as such, is not given prominence. The main rôles are given to persons of mature years. There is almost no place for pretty girls. They lure the male mind from concentration on his part in the Five Year Plan. The love motif, outstanding factor in western films, is reduced to a minimum. In many films it does not appear at all. The "vamp" type of actress is practically non-existent. Nobody would know what to do with her, unless used to portray a wicked "bourgeoise" lady.

Russia has become the first land of the "hero-less" and "heroine-less" film. There is no time nor place for heroes, heroines, or vamps in the Five Year Plan!

PARACHUTISTS PREPARE

for the R.A.F. Pageant held to-day at Hendon Aerodrome

READY FOR THE R.A.F. PAGEANT: R.A.F. parachutists awaiting instructions before going on to the 'planes at a rehearsal for to-day's (Saturday's) pageant



A THRILL AT HENDON: A Vickers-Vimy bomber with a parachutist on each wing

RAIN TESTS FOR AEROPLANES.—One of the chief tests through which an aeroplane has to be passed before being commissioned for service is that of its resistance in rain storms. The engines of the 'planes are equipped with rain protectors, and the test is carried out by hoses being turned on the engine whilst running at highest speed. A picture from New York. *Inset above on left* are two parachutists preparing to descend from the wings of a machine. *Top right* is a striking impression of a parachutist preparing to take off

RUSSIA REVEALED IN ALL ITS HORROR

The Truth of the Soviet Nightmare at last and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Year after year goes by and Russia is still an enigma. Even travellers returned from that country have no clear views, and those who are most fluent cause me the most doubt. When I visited that land, in a spirit of open curiosity, I soon realized that I should never come near to the truth. For most of us there is the fearful barrier of language, and the Russian language is so fearful to the foreigner that he cannot hope to make even a fair guess. There is also the reticence of the Russian character. Their mentality is wholly different from ours, their emotions are not on the same plane, there is a melancholy and a frenzy quite beyond the Anglo-Saxon temperament. And behind it all, even in the highest circles of pre-war Russian life, there was a barbarism that kept Russia the most backward country in Europe. I have a friend, whose accuracy of statement one always had reason to trust implicitly, who has never forgotten his experience in one of the most fashionable garden restaurants of Moscow in 1912. As an English officer attending the Russian manœuvres he received considerable hospitality from his Russian colleagues. One evening he was invited to dine with a group of cavalry officers at one of the smart alfresco restaurants of Moscow. During the dinner, which was a most protracted affair, an orchestra played. In some manner the conductor displeased one of the officers, who sent for him and began to abuse him. The conductor expostulated, whereupon with quiet deliberation the officer drew his sword and sliced off the man's head. My friend expected an uproar, but the body was hurried away, and the dinner went on. The officer was, later, censured by his colonel, after having been under arrest for a week, and that was the end of the affair. There is no question but that the aristocracy of the old régime exercised a monstrous power of life and death over the people. Centuries of oppression and hatred have now found their vent. Many of the inheritors of this hatred are harmless gentlefolk, brought up in the greatest comfort. We realize they have suffered, that they are ruined and homeless, but that is all. The degree of their suffering, the horrors they have had to face, the foulness of the deeds committed in the name of the Soviet Republic are but dimly comprehended in this country.

In Paris, New York and Berlin, I have known a number of Russian refugees. I remember the two sons of a former Governor of Bessarabia, reared in luxury, with summer villas on the Bosphorus, horses and yachts. When I knew them, one was a night janitor in a New York block of flats, the other was a bank messenger. They lived in a single room in a smelly downtown tenement. Their mantelpiece was covered with their princely relatives in magnificent uniforms, and the family palaces that had been looted or wrecked. Out of the wreckage all they had saved having worked their passage via Constantinople on tramp steamers, was their evening dress. In the apartment of Prince Youssoupoff, where I had first met them, they were immaculately attired. By day they wore the porter's uniform. There was present also a very beautiful Russian woman who was careful throughout the evening to keep her left side towards me. I found out later that the right side of her face had been shot away during a night raid by members of the dreaded Tcheka. Faced with facts like these, the Russian Revolution becomes a real thing. When the whole story is told, the French Revolution will seem like a burlesque in comparison. But nothing has quite brought home to me the terrors of the Soviet regime, its treacherousness, its hypocrisy, its venality and bloodthirstiness, so vividly as the book I have just read, *The Way of Bitterness*, by Princess Peter Wolkonsky (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) I hope it will reach a wide public for it presents a picture of Soviet Russia in 1920, in the very year when the present Prime Minister of Great Britain publicly proclaimed his friendship with the Communist Party. Princess Wolkonsky is not a professional writer. There are crudities in this narrative which give it an additional strength. She has a trick of using the strangest similes, of intruding her personal animosity or preferences. That she is a very unusual woman is clear throughout this most impressive story. Gifted, she qualified as a doctor, only a woman of amazing tenacity and unshakable courage could have undertaken the herculean task she set herself. She managed to make her own escape from Russia in 1919. In the summer of that year, in unbelievable peace after the nightmare of Petrograd, she joined her daughter and Princess Dolgourouky at Bath. She had left her husband behind in Petrograd, for he refused to go without his old mother, who could not bring herself to break with the country of her birth. While safe in England a new wave of terrorism passed over Russia. Unable to obtain any news of her husband, and maddened with anxiety, the Princess decided to go back to Russia. The only means of gaining entrance was to join the White Army, at Gatchina. When it was defeated and retreated, she stayed on until the Reds took possession of the town, and then found herself behind the enemy's lines. As there were no means of transport she decided to walk the 40 miles to Petrograd. How she got through the city gates reads like a chapter from the Scarlet Pimpernel. At last, after terrible anxieties, at any moment still in danger of arrest and summary execution, for she was without papers, the Princess stood in front of her town house. From the old butler she obtained news of her husband. The Prince was in the Ivanovsky prison in Moscow. After a short interview with her half-starved bedridden mother-in-law, the Princess planned the trip to Moscow. Only Soviet officials could use the train. She was taken by a friend to see Gorky.

"It was the first time I had met Gorky. A strong personality, a kind heart, a loud voice and an irresistible laugh—that is how he struck me. Gorky has been greatly criticized both as a writer and as a politician. I am out neither to accuse nor to defend him. I know but one thing: without the help of Gorky I should probably have perished."

He obtained papers for her, he got her a seat on the train to Moscow. But first she goes to her own flat in Petrograd, to find that her distraught maid has committed suicide. A few weeks later it was occupied by Red soldiers. From London she had brought a box of foodstuff. In all the perils of that penetration to Russia the Princess had clung to it, knowing that her husband was famished. But between Gatchina and Petrograd, the box was stolen by a friend who had offered to transport it. Hunger changes the face of all things. "Who are they who, unknown to me, enjoyed my treasure? Will the memory of that deed torment them on their deathbed? I hope so with all my heart," writes the Princess.

Once a week visitors were admitted to the prison for a fifteen minutes' conversation. It was necessary to stand in a long queue, early in the morning, in deep snow, with the thermometer 17 below zero. The Princess came from a room used by six other persons, with no proper accommodation, with conditions in which it was impossible to keep clean. Then began a superhuman effort to get her husband released. She obtained the help of Krassin, of Gorky. But the dreaded Tcheka, was obdurate. Through the winter of 1920, ravaged by lice, without meat, butter, or sugar, with nothing but frozen potatoes and millet cooked in water, she struggled on, pleading, interviewing, intriguing.

"Food was our constant preoccupation, the one all-absorbing topic of conversation; where, for how much, of what quality. . . . An operation was being performed in one of the town hospitals; the peritoneum had been cut open, the bowels laid out. Someone in the room mentioned the price of butter. The surgeon took it up, the assistant surgeon replied. The operation went on; the hands of the surgeon ran automatically along the bowels, the assistant mechanically caught the squirting blood vessels, the nurse presented the instruments — while the all-important discussion on butter went on uninterrupted. I have not invented the story, I myself was present. I was the assistant."

Hunger prompts the Princess to an extraordinary passage on literature and food. "Those to whom hunger is unknown will never understand the state of mind of the person who, in reading a book, is less interested in the hero's adventures than in the description of the meals that are served him." So from an angle of hunger the terrible drama was played out through the bitter winter. After long mental torture her husband's release is obtained. They go to Petrograd where he finds his old mother quite demented by her privations. They are now penniless and, while seeking permission to leave the country to cross into Esthonia, the Princess works in a hospital. Once she had been compelled by forced labour to sweep out a station yard; once the most refined women of Moscow were commandeered to clean the public lavatories while the proletariat stood by and jeered. Even in the hospital she was not beyond the monstrous methods of the Tcheka. It accused her of theft, and sought to arrest her. A prominent Communist was driven to protest on her behalf. There was never an hour of safety, never a moment free from persecution. With the old mother dying, they finally crossed out of the land of terror.

"Well, and what next? Next came our life in Europe, great expectations and even greater disappointments. My own carelessness, other people's meanness. . . . Money, ruin, poverty . . . Giving gymnastic lessons, acting in a cinema studio, reading aloud to an old banker, nursing in a clinic in Nice, driving a taxi in the streets of Paris. . . . The bitter fruits of defeat."

I know of no book which presents a more realistic, honest account of the Russian revolution. It transcends all fiction in its mixture of stark horror, courage, frustration, and love, with a nation in agony as a background. While such heroic figures as the Princess Wolkonsky can emerge from the human maelstrom, aristocracy will find a justification for its survival.

The political novel is out of fashion just now. I can imagine few men better qualified to write it than Mr. A. P. Nicholson, who has spent so many years as a journalist in the House of Commons. He has now written his first novel, *Who Goes Home* (Benn. 7s. 6d.). Naturally the scene never goes far from the House, and its drama centres around the powerful figure of Sir Richard Garriock, an amorist. Mr. Nicholson has escaped from the obvious trap that his unique experience must have set for him. He has not allowed his political knowledge to intrude on the drama of his story. The duel and the trial scene in which Sir Richard is involved are told with the highest skill and suspense. Here is a thriller which at the same time presents a sober picture of political life, and yet really creates great characters on a large stage. The final scene, as original as it is fantastic, reaches a high note of drama. It sounds patronizing to say that in *Who Goes Home*, Mr. Nicholson has made a fine beginning. He writes with the sure skill of an artist, and nowhere in this admirable novel does manner or matter reveal the experimental pen. I found the opening somewhat slow, but the story gathers momentum continuously to the tragic end. Garriock is a creation that commands the reader's admiration. From the moment that he kills his rival in a duel until he drives over the cliffs at Amalfi, a ruined man, he dominates the scene.

For those interested in Northern Nigeria there has just appeared Mr. C. R. Meek's monumental work on African ethnology. *Tribal Studies in Northern Nigeria* (Kegan Paul. 25s.) is the first volume setting forth the life work of the foremost authority on the tribes and customs of the African native. It is an impressive achievement. In *The Perfume of the Rainbow* (Benn. 7s. 6d.) we encounter L. Adam Beck, or Mrs. Barrington, in an Oriental mood. These stories and studies are drawn from China and India. They are the fruit of travel and Oriental study, a little exotic, a mixture of fable and fact but good reading. A far different scene, Ireland, the Ireland that has passed away, is presented in the very charming study of childhood by the western wave in Mary McHugh's *Thalassa* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

Recommended List:

The Island of Terror, *by Sapper* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.).**—A new treasure hunting on an island and the heroine firmly embraced on the last page. South America, señoritas, sensations, sinews, and solutions, solved by Sapper.

Mary Lee, Declaration of Love, Harvest in Poland (Heinemann. 5s. net.).—A cheap edition designed to popularize Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, who may survive the Hawthornden Prize, and kindred private promotions in immortality stocks. Uncommon and arresting but caviare.

The Devil and X.Y.Z., *by Barum Browne* **(Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.).**—Callow black magic and beer. A veritable skin-creeper.

Death in Tiger Valley, *by Reginald Campbell* **(Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net).**—An admirable novel of the Siamese Jungle by a writer who understands his animals, human and otherwise. An unusual and memorable book dealing with the terrible obsession of two men who made a bet to kill a tiger.

Austria, *by J. D. Newth* **(A. & C. Black Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).**—The Tyrol is in the air. A travel volume in Black series of colour books, with twelve colour illustrations. The people, the folk-lore, the scenery adequately presented.

A Wayfarer—Central Germany, *by Malcolm Letts* **(Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)** The beauty of the Harz Mountains and the towns on their borders—Goslar, Hildesheim, Halberstadt, and Quedlinburg—and the charm of the Forest of Thuringia and the Valley of the Weser pleasantly described, with hints for travellers by every means of transport.

England of the Windmills, *by S. P. B. Mais* **(Dent, 7s. 6d. net.).**—Following the excellent efforts of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings and the recent work on the windmills of the Home Counties by M. I. Batten, this excellent volume comes at a fortunate time. The pictorial art of F. L. Bussell illustrates aptly the literary art of the author.

The SCHOOL *of* FASHION *in* BERLIN

SKETCHING: *Pupils take notes of a fashion poster —one of the most vital classes.* On extreme right— TRYING ON: *An ultra-modern hat is carefully discussed by the class before a mirror*

INSPECTION: *The principal, Herr Dillens, considers the fashion sketch executed by one of his pupils*

THE MORNING BREAK: *Pupils chat and smoke during the respite.* Inset above—PURCHASE: *The materials are bought in the presence of the pupils*

THE DRAWING FROM LIFE: *One of the sketching classes in the School of fashion*

There is a State School of Fashions in Berlin, where girls are taught the science of sewing frocks and gowns, of weaving every kind of material, and of handling the looms. This school is run in the most modern manner. The girls first learn sketching, creating new and modern lines for coats and frocks. After this the material is woven. Modern looms, operated by hand and by electricity, are explained so that the girls become familiar with every detail of the machinery.

MADDENED BY THE DRIVER ANTS: The great elephant assailed to death

Kurt Weise

ANTS That Kill Elephants

It isn't the size of the drivers, it's their militaristic co-operation that makes roaring lions and thundering elephants watch their step when on the loose in the jungle

The lion, we have been taught to believe, is king of the jungle. Without wishing to incur the displeasure of any lions, it would be well to edit that statement. In the first place, no lions ever lived in a jungle, popular understanding to the contrary. They confine themselves to sparsely treed plains country—and in true jungle there reigns a different king before whom even the lion would quail.

This other autocrat is not imposing. No zoo bothers to give it cage room. It is merely a black ant less than half an inch in length. It is called the driver ant and it is known at its worst within the bounds of the rain forest that clothes the western coast of Africa from Senegal south 3,000 miles to Angola and inward up the Congo to the Mountains of the Moon.

On different occasions I have walked many hundred miles through the African woods and by simple experience have learned certain things. Natives have told me, and I have reason to believe them, that it is usually effective, if a leopard gets impertinent, to shout "Boo!" at it and perhaps throw a stick. I know that pythons are sleepy monsters who are literally wrapped up in their own affairs and unlikely to trouble innocent bystanders; that black-hooded cobras, if given the least chance, will glide with the speed of a racehorse in the opposite direction. I know that elephants and great apes are so shy that a traveller counts himself fortunate if he catches a glimpse of either in a year of wandering. And I know positively that cannibals are mild-mannered gentlemen much more interested in the coin of the realm than in the flavour of my biceps.

But I am mortally and abjectly afraid of driver ants. I have wept with pain and terror under their attack. And were it possible to compare notes it is certain that the elephant, the leopard, the cobra, and the cannibal would agree with me.

My acquaintance with drivers began on a cloudy morning several years ago. I was bound for an unmapped bit of jungle in the north-eastern part of the Liberian republic. Six natives had silently appeared at daybreak, balanced my boxes on their heads, and in two minutes we had been gulped up by the towering woods. The trail, slippery with the night's rain, was less than a foot wide and a tall man could have jumped up and touched the interlocking branches overhead. Three of the porters trailed along behind me, and three were ahead. For an hour the silence was broken only by the occasional patter of rain among the leaves, and by that secret, remote whispering which is the very voice of tropic woods. Suddenly the lead man cried out shrilly and jumped back, colliding heavily with the man behind him. They backed up several paces, briefly took their bearings, then ran forward at full tilt, leapt high over a 6-ft. strip of trail (no mean feat with a 60-lb. box on one's head), ran on a few more paces pounding their bare feet violently on the ground, and finally halted and turned back to see how I was faring. My imagination was ready for anything from a sacred war dance to a visitation by wild elephants. For a moment only the truth was disappointing.

A vicious dark tape about 2 in. wide emerged from the grass at one side, crossed the path and vanished again at the other side. It was formed of small black ants and seemed without beginning or end. On closer inspection the ants proved to be of two kinds, and the moving strip showed a definite architecture. The middle channel was composed of thousands upon thousands of dark, reddish-black "workers," ants about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. in length, that went forward in close formation and at great speed. At either side of the column much larger black fellows with huge, pincer-like mandibles formed protecting walls that moved at a much slower rate. These last were obviously the "soldiers." Each one would run forward a few inches, then stop, stick up its head and see-saw the pincers viciously back and forth, clearly looking for trouble. Every second a half-dozen soldiers would detach themselves from the main column, scour the terrain for a distance of 3 or 4 ft. and return to the main column farther along. The order of march was perfect. So much I learned. Then I yelped with sudden pain and automatically copied the jumping, stamping exercise of the porters. A half-dozen drivers had swarmed upon me, were tearing at the flesh of my bare forearms, drawing little gouts of blood with every bite and apparently burning the skin with a strong acid. An acrobatic few minutes rid me of them, left me gasping and almost tearful. Several had forced their jaws into the heavy leather of my boots. They hung on so venomously they left their still active saw-teeth in the leather after the rest of their bodies had been torn away. Where they had bitten more promising material they had left nicks where morsels of flesh had been literally gouged out.

The drivers travel always in columns identical with the one I have described and apparently they have almost unlimited range. The average number in a single party can never be exactly computed, but I have heard of one column that passed a given point for sixteen unbroken days and nights. Such quantities as that are computable only by astronomical figures. In the smallest party there are surely several million individuals.

They are strictly carnivorous. Unlike most ants they show no interest in sugars or breadstuffs. Their path is controlled purely by chance and the presence of prey. In the open field, grubs, worms, and insects are their normal diet. The soldiers attack with a curious jumping motion, and I have seen unwary butterflies dragged from a leaf-tip, covered, and completely devoured in a few seconds. Any animal not in complete command of all its energies falls a ready prey.

The great constricting pythons of West Africa, as is well known, lapse into a state of almost helpless coma after gorging themselves with food, and there can be no question that many, huge as they are, have been destroyed by marauding hosts of drivers. There is a native legend that snakes, after killing their food, and before eating it, make a tour of the neighbourhood to make sure there are no driver bands about.

Since the drivers swarm to the tops of the tallest trees and examine every twig and leaf and branch in their way, small birds and tree animals like the potto and the galago live in perpetual dread of them, and any animal that is disabled is liable to extermination. Monkeys, because of their agility and their possesson of four hands, all capable of working simultaneously, are perhaps the safest of living creatures.

There is the story of a British resident of one of the West African colonies who attended a party at a friend's house a little way outside of town and, in the course of the festivities, "bottomed up" a shade too frequently. When, shortly after midnight, he began to wend his way homeward the notion occurred to him that the roadside would be a happy place to take a nap. His head was going round and round. It is related that they found in the morning a clean-picked skeleton weirdly dressed in complete tropical evening clothes. The drivers had come upon him while he slept, helpless and unconscious.

The drivers, secure in their several billions, fear nothing. They have been known to kill elephants. An elephant, one must remember, is of all animals perhaps the least fitted to deal with a *small* enemy. Against a lion or a leopard it can oppose its crushing weight, the agile strength of its trunk and the great, pile-driver feet. But from a tiny driver an elephant can only flee, if possible, into deep water or, better still, to a mud wallow in some swamp. . . . However, an elephant is sometimes lamed so it cannot run. A concealed hole or a careless hunter can do that. In that case, if the drivers come, the huge beast will be almost surely doomed. The elephant's instinctive weapon against them is its trunk—and the trunk of an elephant is so sensitive a pin-prick will produce acute pain. One can imagine then the effect of a thousand biting drivers swarming in that delicate tube. Others will cover the enormous writhing carcase like a flood of oil. The eyes will quickly be vulnerable against the drivers' mandibles, even the most calloused parts of the hide cannot last long. Natives say these ants can clean an elephant to white, smooth bone in less than three days.

DRIVER ANTS: Soldiers that guard the flank of the Drivers' Column

Frequently they swarm down upon dwellings and sometimes on whole towns. The time they usually select for an invasion is after dark and, unless one happens to sleep in an extraordinarily well-netted bed, there is but one thing to do—leave in all haste. However, if a householder manages to make a reasonably successful get-away he is quite pleased when the drivers come. An African house, particularly if it is made of mud and thatch, accumulates disagreeable domestic live-stock—rats, mice, spiders, snakes, flies, cockroaches, and insects too varied to list. These the drivers completely exterminate, and if dogs, goats, and chickens have been removed to places of safety, town life is resumed on the departure of the ant legions under delightfully novel hygienic conditions.

Frequently these night raids are enlivened by comedy. Once upon a time, for example, two very correct missionary ladies from America established themselves in a riverside village in the Liberian interior. After a survey of the situation they agreed that since one had to begin somewhere they would start with the most crying evil—immodesty. The heathen must be taught shame. In their first town meeting, with the assistance of an interpreter, the ladies made an impassioned plea and felt, when it was over, they had made a deep impression. . . . Unfortunately the town was visited by drivers that very night. After ten minutes of wild excitement the inhabitants, fully visible under a white African moon, were all sitting and standing in the river. So were the two missionaries. And none, by this time, had on any clothes at all.

And there is the classic legend of a very pompous and unpopular British official in Sierra Leone, who in mid-morning stumbled full upon a driver column. No one, least of all himself, knew exactly what happened in the next few seconds, but the fact is indubitable that shortly afterward the gentleman was discovered quite, quite nude, crouching in a full rain barrel asking everyone please to go away.

Little close study naturally has been made of driver society. They are formidable subjects. But a few things are definitely known: the drivers are extraordinarily subject to sunlight and extraordinarily impervious to water. This adaptation shows itself in their preference for conducting their expeditions either by night or in the shade of the forest or on cloudy days. Preference is too weak a word. The direct rays of the African sun will kill a driver in two minutes, so constant shadow is an absolute necessity. Naturally, however, the aimless column must occasionally emerge upon a road or trail, and against that accident a number of specialized activities have been developed. The large soldier ants are apparently less sensitive than their smaller brethren. At least it is certain that when the line moves into filtered sunlight—sun through leaves, for instance—the soldiers form a tube about an inch in diameter composed entirely of their living bodies. The workers travel through this tube as through a tunnel, and so firm is its construction that one may lift it from the ground with a stick without breaking its continuity. If, however, their road runs into the full glare of day they build a tunnel of earth mixed by their saliva into a firm cement and continue through this in perfect safety, building it up as they advance.

Their homes, unlike practically all other species of ants, are apparently quite temporary and are distinguished by no special architecture or domestic organization. A hole in the ground, the hollow of a tree, or a space between stones suffices. I have observed a small company move into an indentation in the ground during the night and at daybreak swarm out, deploy, scatter, form a dozen casual lines and at last, like fluid through a funnel's tip, pour into a single living ribbon and hasten away, obviously with no intention of returning.

Since the drivers have this curious objection to light, one would expect a concomitant adaptation to rainy conditions, and with Nature's exquisite precision such is exactly the case. An investigator many years ago learned by experiment that drivers kept under water for over six hours completely recovered, though they had given every appearance of death shortly after a submergence.

Nothing in their behaviour is more remarkable than their procedure in crossing a stream. In the rainy season in West Africa rivulets form everywhere, so this is a common problem for them. When a driver column reaches running water innumerable soldiers immediately detach themselves and make apparently an unconscious survey upstream and down. Finally, usually in a very few minutes, a particular point is selected and the ants crawl upon one another, the weakest in the centre and the soldiers outside, until they have formed with their bodies a compact ball ranging from the size of a fist up to masses as large as hornets' nests. They then embark, are caught by the current, and are in most cases, and with uncanny accuracy, swirled to a point farther down on the opposite bank, where they effect a landing. Subsequent balls follow, almost invariably the same course, until all are safely over.

One other thing is definitely known of the drivers—a thing strangely hard to reconcile; the driver ants are blind.

John W. Vandercook

NEWS Out of AFRICA

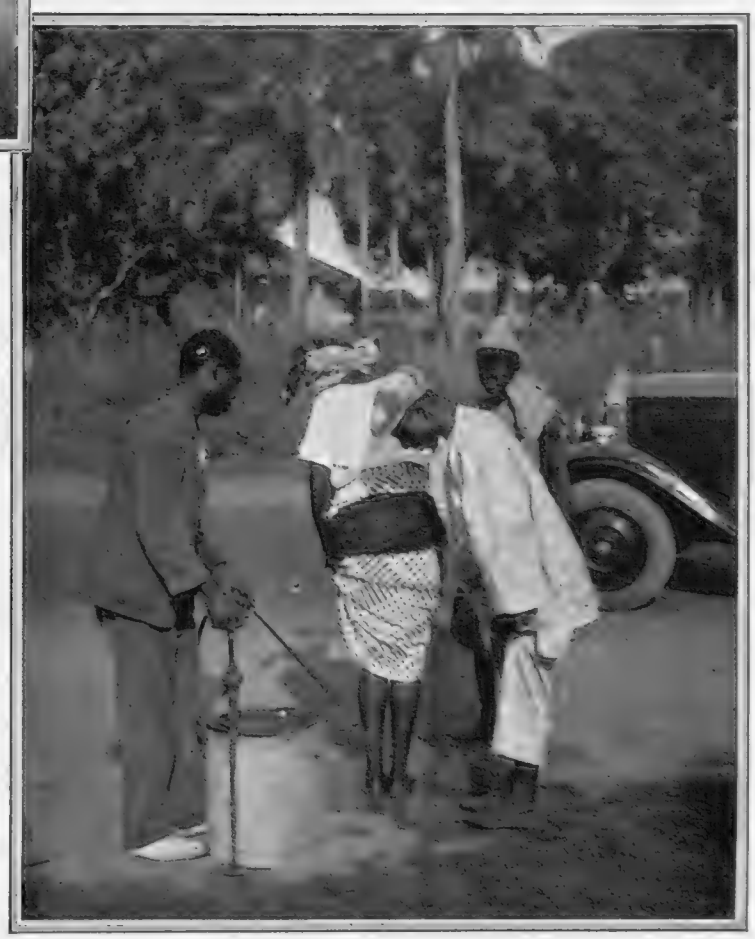
THE FUNERAL OF A REFORMED TYRANT: The scene at the obsequies of King Prempeh of Ashanti. Banished by the British in 1895 for his hideous religion, which demanded human sacrifice, he was allowed to return in 1926. Inset on left—*Prempeh in his pride*

ANTI-BUBONIC: An African doctor examines a native woman for symptoms of the dread plague and sprays her legs with disinfectant

SMILES IN THE CONGO: A happy group in the Belgian Congo, where the instructors are white missionaries. The slate replaces the exercise book in Blackest Africa

MEDICAL EXAMINATION: A native doctor looks carefully over a traveller suspected of the scourge of bubonic

To hold in check and prevent the spread of bubonic plague in West Africa stringent precautions are taken. An inspection station is situated about six miles outside the Port of Lagos, and is the only means of exit—where every person, vehicle, and other means of transport is held up for examination—and at night a barrier is placed across the road to prevent passage and also to prevent dead bodies from being smuggled out of Lagos.



FOOT AND LEG SPRAYING forms one of the most important preventatives against bubonic plague. Passengers and pedestrians alike come in for the treatment. The pedal spraying is akin to the precautions taken against foot-and-mouth disease in cattle

THE ELEPHANT AT HOME: Close-Up Studi Belgian Congo t

MOTHER AND CHILD: A cow elephan while the cub nestles at her foreleg. The tu fall from the head, while those of th horizontally. The ears of the latte

DOMESTIC ELEPHANTINE IDYLL: The baby elephant does not use the trunk to feed from the mother, but sucks with the mouth

BATHING: An aquatic scene. In the water elepha squirting water over themselves. The big Co the left is busy in blowing flies off his pachy sensitive skin

SUSPICION: A tusker casts up his trunk at the approach of da The olfactory sense of the great beasts is as keen as that and its instinct for peril is sure

During the journey made by the Wetherell Expedition, the leader visited the Ituri Forest and made a journey up onto the Sudan border and the Elephant Reserve of the Northern Congo for the purpose of securing film and still photographs of elephant as they were in the days of Stanley, fifty years ago. With the assistance of Monsieur Gilet, Director-General of the Belgian Congo Elephant Reserve, Mr. Wetherell secured these remarkable pictures. In this great Reserve, there are, without exaggeration, many herds numbering anything from a thousand to fifteen hundred. But strange to say, there are very few elephants that one might call big tuskers. It is the habit of the elephant to feed and travel during the late evening, throughout the night, and in the cool part of the early morning. The moment the sun becomes a little hot, they make their way into the forest or shady bush and there take their siestas until the cool of the evening. It is at this period that the photographer, having followed them up during the night, picks up their spoor at daybreak, finds the direction of the wind, and settles down to work. It is under these conditions that the accompanying pictures were taken, in the heat of the day, the broiling sun overhead, when the beasts of the forest were resting. It is at this period that the most natural, one might say, domestic pictures of elephant are to be obtained. Often the photographic conditions are most difficult in this impenetrable forest, but that is all a matter of patience, knowledge of your elephant, and I suppose, a steady nerve, and luck

of the Forest Tuskers of the en by the Wetherell Expedition

APPROACHING THE FOREST: A Congo elephant — a huge bull — makes his way to safe country. *On left* — LISTENING: The great ears are set to catch the least sound

...tching forth her trunk ... the Congo forest elephant ...st Coast project almost ...riety are gigantic

...tare playful, ...g tusker on ...dematous yet

...ng to try to get a scent. ...f any other jungle dweller

A TIT-BIT FROM THE TREE-TOP: A young bull selects a tender shoot from an awkward angle

The writer is repeatedly asked to describe hair-breadth escapes and exciting experiences encountered in having obtained such close photographs, but, he says, "I am happy to say that really we had none at all. It is my opinion that the hunter in Africa is far safer without a gun than he is with one. The reason why so many people are mauled and killed is by taking a risky shot, wounding the beast and then running foolish risks in long grass or dense bush. In my many years of hunting and producing big game films in Africa I do not know of a single case of the hunter being mauled or killed where it has not really been the fault of the hunter. Game in the big reserves, left untouched and unmolested by man, become remarkably tame, and big game photography in these sanctuaries (of which I am glad to say there are many now established throughout the Continent of Africa) is merely a matter of patience and confidence. In my experience there is nothing in Africa in big game that will not try and get away from you if it can. Of course I exclude the old man-eating lion, but even he, or she, has a great respect for the white man and prefers the tasty morsel of a native. In my opinion the most dangerous thing in the whole of Africa is the mosquito. In this instance the hunter becomes the hunted, and when out after elephant in particular, in the swamps and the long grass, the mosquito has a very good field day.

The Belgian Government has established in the Northern Congo vast areas of country where elephant is preserved, and at seasons of the year they go into the reserves and capture the baby elephants from the herd. They train the young elephants and in time it is hoped to make them useful domestic beasts of burden for agricultural purposes. They are, fortunately, immune from the tsetse fly."

A POPULAR ENTRY: The Boys' and Girls' Hunters, five years old or older, riders not to exceed sixteen years, in an enchanting and surprisingly fine exhibition of horsemanship at Olympia

When HORSES take the STAGE

800 Equine Actors at Olympia

By W. HOLT-WHITE

This is the sort of way in which nowadays the enterprising impresario "puts over" a revue or a musical comedy or even an opera. And this, in my humble opinion, is the sort of way in which they should advertise the International Horse Show—"Mammoth production. Largest stage in the world. 800 equine actors." For at Olympia it is really the horses which matter.

It is a great "show." It may lack some of the super thrills of the big circus, but at least it runs as smoothly. And the band, the famous flowers, and the easy manipulation of events in the arena, all suggest the cunning hand of the practised showman. And I strongly suspect Mr. Bertram Mills, despite his grey top-hat and general Ascot aspect.

But good as the show is, I'd just as soon pay my money to potter through the dressing-rooms—stables, I should say—or hang about the "wings" of the great show what time elegant gentlemen in the shiniest of hats are tartly ordering the various "turns" into the ring—beg its pardon, arena—as I would see the show itself.

Take the stables with their endless rows of stalls from which peer mild, equine eyes—with here and there a wild one—and from which are thrust scores and scores of silky muzzles.

Down those avenues of twitching, faintly sniffing nostrils one meets old friends both in horse and man.

Take, for instance, the hard-bitten sergeant from the Irish Free State who turns up year after year as regular as clockwork, with his lads in grey-green uniforms and his horses as hard as nails.

He'll "talk horse" to you all day and, for that matter, all night will the sergeant.

"The harses," as he calls them, are all this little world to him. He's got a running acquaintance with even more horses than Mr. Soapy Sponge himself could memorize. For the horse has become a creature of international travel.

He'll tell you why Mr. Blank's bay mare was sold back from Canada to Ireland via the Argentine and why Colonel So-and-so's chestnut gelding didn't lift a certain cup in New York. But he *won't* tell you, even behind his hand, what's really the matter with the grey in the stall over there. He may be garrulous but he knows when to be as secret as the grave. In the next world the sergeant will get a job looking after the Four Horses of the Apocalypse as surely as Kipling's sailormen will get back their sea.

One can't notice all the horses, but the Gunners' horses from Woolwich are good; and there's an "officer's charger one" which plays with his young soldier groom by the hour.

Tap, tap, goes the lad's cane. The chestnut does a hornpipe and asks for more. Tap, tap, tap. Well up on his hind legs he's doing the tango now. And so soldier and horse play throughout the afternoon.

Sugar? If you don't want your feelings shattered don't offer these show horses sugar. The offer will merely result in the raising of an aristocratic eyebrow or the disdainful deflection of a well-bred nose. Sugar? They are sated with it Their lady friends see to that. Of all the stables, however, I prefer those allotted to the pit ponies from Wales. These stables are *de luxe*. Geraniums in boxes and roses all in a row. Large, well-bedded stalls on either side of wide alley-ways. These humble toilers of the mines are housed as are no other horses in the show. It is as though the aristocratic controllers of the show had made a magnificent gesture born of the spirit of *noblesse oblige* to the equine proletariat.

Think not, however, that there is anything "down-trodden" or pitiable about these Welsh pit ponies. Nothing of the kind. They are blatantly *bourgeoise*.

To start with they are no "ponies." They stand on the average 14.2 hands. Some of them stand 15 hands and more. And they are as broad in the beam as Flemish burghers of Peter Paul Reubens' day, and are fat as butter and sleek as silk. And it isn't that some miracle of horse-keeping or grooming has been performed, for they were all at work fourteen days before the show. From their arched, muscular crests to their feathered heels, they look like a smallish breed of Suffolk punches. And they are strong—well, as strong as the strongest horses; they must be if each can drag a "tram" with a ton of coal up an incline.

There are sixty of them and they have to be seen to be believed. There are no finer "cattle" in the show except, perhaps, Lord Lonsdale's coach horses. And it seems that there are thousands like them down in the Welsh mines. In one mine alone there are 500.

It may, theoretically, seem sad that a horse should seldom sniff the world's outer air or roll on green grass; but these "ponies" don't look any the worse for it. And the little Welshmen who tend them will tell you with a good "look you" earnestness, that it is easier to keep a horse fit below ground than above it. Above ground there are sharp changes in temperature—rainstorms, snow, frost. Below there is an equable warmth in which horses thrive. And there are no flies and no pests. That's why their coats shine. Their coats never grow long. They never need clippers. And in spite of coal dust their coats are clean. There is a white "pony" there, whose coat is like driven snow.

And they are cared for as few horses are. There is a daily chart kept for each one. The inspectors see to that. And if there is the slightest thing amiss up they go to the surface for treatment by the Vet.

Thus, it is claimed they live longer than horses which work above ground. And there seems to be justification for the claim. They live to immense ages. Take Gwenny for instance. She is an old maid of twenty-six; but she is as skittish as a filly, and can kick up her heels with the best of them. Yet twenty-two of her twenty-six years have been spent below ground. Or take County, a grey. He is twenty-four years old, and twenty years of his existence have been spent in a mine; or Pandy, a bay. Pandy has laboured eighteen years underground out of his twenty. And so the list goes on.

One thing is certain. No horse is ever happy unless he is well. And these are happy horses. I have never seen horses which seemed to laugh so much, You can see that they are just jolly.

And when it's time for their turn in the arena their small keepers are tugged along by their immense straining bulk. It seems impossible that the little fellows can hold them. And the horses trot into the ring with immense aplomb and complete assurance. They just love the applause and they seem to chuckle. Happy horses.

But now let's get at the real centre of excitement—the hub of this little world of the horse—which is outside the great gates which swing so smoothly back and forth as the "turns" go swaggering into the arena or come dancing out again.

Those great doors are swinging open now, for the exit of competitors in the boys' and girls' hunters class. And with the return of these youthful riders to stables you get a true picture of horsemanship in miniature guise. Boys and girls all look as if they had been born in the saddle and never been parted from a horse since the day of their birth. Hard-hatted, their coats taut and trim, double seamed and double stitched, and breeches which would make even the great Tautz breathe a sigh of content in his last long sleep. And their legs—their young legs, flat-thighed and flat-calfed. "The Lord," we are told, "delighteth in no man's legs." Not so the horse. A horse delights in the leg that was fashioned to control and nurse and lift him.

. . . . .

Lollipy—lollipy—lollipy—lollipy!

The riders are going round ceaselessly on the tan in the practice ring.

A slim young lieutenant of the Governor-General's Bodyguard from Canada in dark blue with white facings and gleaming "burnishers" on his square shoulders, wheels his majestic chestnut.

Lollipy—lollipy—lollipy—lollipy!

A French major, the bright blue of his kepi overtopping every other head, canters on a roan.

An olive-faced hawk-nosed young Italian cavalry officer undulates by to the rhythm of his mincing bay.

Lollipy—lollipy—lollipy!

A man in "pink" seems to think he has found a stretch of grass while hacking to the meet.

They canter round and round and round. It's a sort of mass circus. And, as an American girl, her piquant nose resting on the top of the high paling said, "mighty elegant."

Hard by are the coaches. They're doing a stunt this year. Yes, let's call it a "stunt," which consists of a parade of historic vehicles. There are six coaches and they cover the period from 1800 to 1900. And as there are six coaches there are twenty-four coach horses which, as they know "their turn" is due, after hitching and shifting, and playing with their bits.

Chap—chap, chap, chap, chap—chap.

The sharp clatter of the bits for the moment dominates, staccato, all other sounds. Down by the palings of the practice ring is a motley collection of men and women in Georgian and Victorian and Edwardian dress. These are to be the passengers on the "period" coaches.

And the women! Egad sir! One feels that they would set the dashing whiskered ones in full pursuit. For whether they are languishing Victorian blondes, or vivacious Edwardian brunettes, they are essentially feminine in spite of plucked eyebrows and in spite of lip-stick. Perhaps it was their waists—real waists. And that at least is where a man of the older generation has the bulge on the men of the younger generation. He at least can remember the time when a waist presented an almost irresistible temptation.

But this is mere pleasant digression. On with the show! The gentlemen in "Ascot suits"—I quote the American girl again—are shouting that it's time to "load up." So Edwardian gentlemen take leave of Victorian ladies and all make for the coaches to which their costumes correspond.

Mr. E. K. Fownes, in—splendid beaver hat—gathers up the ribbons of Mr. Claud Goddard's team and clambers to the box of the red-brown battered York and London mail coach lent by the Science Museum at South Kensington.

Then there is the "Quicksilver," the coach which plied between London and Devonport in 1823; and the "Commodore," the actual coach which ran between Rochester and London in 1830. On that go Mr. Pickwick and his lively—and lovely—friends. Then there is "Derby Day in the 'Sixties," a coach lent by Messrs. James Buchanan—dashing whiskers on this; and beside the lucky driver, a fair, pale-faced little clinging creature, with solemn eyes; a slender little thing dressed in dove grey silk with ravishing mauve hat set on her blonde curls with a dashing gentleman with curly whiskers paying his court. Who wouldn't?

Next, a coach which showed how folks went to Ascot in 1880—more dashing whiskers and languishing ladies on this; and the "Old Times" Brighton and London coach, lent by Bertram Mills. The very coach in which the late Jim Selby made the record run from London to Brighton and back on July 18, 1888, 108 miles in 7 hr. and 50 min. for a wager of £1,000.

. . . . .

The pit ponies are prancing out of the arena. It's time for the coaches to wheel in. Off they go to the music of horns.

Now they are piling the gear for the jumps on to the carts drawn by Lord Lonsdale's mighty coach horses. Great brown chaps—sixteen hands three at least they must be, ridden by natty little postilions in the familiar jackets of yellow silk. Fidget! How they fidget, these restive giants. The dapper little postilions restrain them with heels of steel and hands as light as thistledown.

Lollipy—Lollipy—Lollipy!

The Italians, the Frenchmen, the Canadians, the men in "pink" and the Gunners from Woolwich are cantering round and round the practice ring.

But now the horses are growing wild-eyed, their pupils dilate as they catch a glimpse of the arena. They know that their turn is coming. Oh! You can't fool show horses. They *know*.

. . . . .

"God save the King!" Down in the gunners' lines the horses elevate their ears. Their ears seem to stand in rows at the salute. They've heard that tune before. You can't fool *them*, that the show is not over. They know "God save the King." They *know*.

Oh! they're well trained actors are these horses in the International Show.

SPORT—*and the Woman*

Events in Rumania, France, and England

RUMANIAN GIRLS PARADE PAST THE KING AT THE DOUBLE: The trot past the royal box, in which King Carol was seated, at the Annual Rumanian Women's Sports Day held in Bucharest—one of the many athletic events held by the women of one of the most evolutionary lands in Europe

THROWING THE DISCUS: A classical vignette at the Women's Championships of France held the other day at the Lattès Stadium, Paris. The ancient events produce the most exquisite attitudes. Over 140 women competed

DIVING AT KENWOOD: Many of the "regulars" are very skilful divers. A trick popular among the experts is seen above—diving from the base of the spring-board over three couchant figures

VICTORY: R. L. Harland of the A.A.A. puts the shot 43 ft. 7½ in. at Fenners when the team of which he was a member beat Cambridge University by 78 points to 42

COASTAL EROSION AT PAKEFIELD, SUFFOLK: A geological commentary on the instability of land

The Lord Gave the Land to the People!

When Mr. Snowden introduced his Land Taxes in the House of Commons a voice from the Labour benches cried "God gave the land to the people." Mr. Snowden himself repeats this assertion. We have asked Mr. Frank Morison, who has a very close textual knowledge of the Scriptures to say when or where this gift took place. Mr. Morison cannot find any statement that God has given the land to the people

There is an amusing passage in *Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay*, describing how, at the early age of four, the future historian and poet burst one day into his mother's drawing-room and astonished the company by declaring very solemnly: "*Cursed be Sally*: for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'"

On enquiring the reason for this unprecedented outburst it transpired that the maid had thrown away as rubbish a row of oyster shells, by which the boy had marked out a little plot of ground at the back of the house, and the apparent profanity was an apt and literal application of the words of Deuteronomy.

The story serves to illustrate the severity of the religious sanctions and safeguards which surrounded the tenure of land in early Hebrew times. If you owned a plot of land in an agricultural district outside one of the ancient Hebrew cities, it was not marked off, as in most Western countries to-day, by a carefully maintained system of hedges or fences. Most probably it was continuous with that of your neighbour, but was distinguished therefrom by a large stone, or a heap of small stones placed at the four corners. Sometimes a tree, with incisions specially cut in the bark, served the same purpose. These allotments or portions were known as "fields." We read, for example, of the Potter's Field (Matthew, 27.10.), the Fuller's Field (II Kings, 18.17.), the Field of Blood (Acts, 1.19.), and so on. The footpaths ran across or along the edge of the fields, and were trodden hard by the passage of men and animals. Thus when the emissaries of Sennacherib approached Jerusalem to demand the submission of Hezekiah we are told that they "came and stood by the conduit of the upper pool, which is in the *highway* of the fuller's field."

It was a comparatively easy thing, therefore, for ill-disposed and avaricious persons to acquire surreptitiously a small additional slice of territory by the simple process of moving the "landmark," and it was against these that the Deuteronomic curse was directed. In more settled and less primitive countries, such as Babylon and Egypt, the limits of property were marked by boundary stones or inscribed monoliths, of which some interesting examples are preserved in the British Museum. In Babylon these boundary stones or landmarks became important title deeds, and, as Sir Wallis Budge has pointed out, contain valuable historic information which cannot be obtained elsewhere. In Egypt, however, the ground had frequently to be re-measured and the stones re-erected after each inundation.

The earliest legislation of the Hebrews, arising as it did out of the necessities of a nomadic people, contains no laws relating to the inheritance, sale, or redemption of land, but the later Priestly Code, which developed out of it, has much to say upon this subject. Under the Hebrew system the tenure of land was governed by two rather curious conditions. There was the law of the Sabbatical Year and the law of the Jubilee.

Under the former, in every *seventh* year, the land had to lie fallow, no work of cultivation being undertaken upon it. "The seventh year shall be a sabbath of solemn rest for the land, a sabbath unto the Lord; thou shalt neither sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard" (Lev. 25.4.) During these fallow or Sabbatical years, while no direct cultivation was permitted, all members of the community—the owner, his servants, and strangers—as well as domestic and wild animals, shared in the natural and spontaneous yield of the soil. There has been a good deal of discussion among scholars as to whether, under the original law, the owner and his family were strictly entitled to share in this spontaneous yield, but such was undoubtedly the case in later enactments.

The most revolutionary aspect of the Hebrew law concerning land tenure resided, however, in the rules governing the Jubilee year. Under the provisions of this code the proprietary rights in agricultural and certain other lands reverted every fifty years to the original owners, irrespective of any provisional leases or contractual engagements entered into in the interim.

Thus the freehold of agricultural land could not be sold outright, for at the fiftieth or Jubilee year the property returned to its owner or his representatives. An owner desirous of selling his land was limited to granting a lease of the property, the term of the lease expiring at next Jubilee, however near that might be.

If, owing to misfortune or poverty, the land became the subject of a forced sale, it was the privilege and duty of the nearest kinsman to buy it back. Should, however, the circumstances of the original owner improve, he was empowered to buy back the land at its selling price, less a reasonable and just proportion for the intervening years.

A distinction was drawn in the case of property situate in towns and cities. House property, for example, in a walled city could be sold outright, though some authorities interpreted "walled city" to mean a city of which the walls existed in the time of Joshua. House property in a village, however, was subject to the same limitations as those of land. Its ownership reverted at the Jubilee. Special privileges extended to the Levitical cities. Farm land round these cities was unsaleable and inalienable.

It is clear from the brief sketch given above that the Hebrew system of land tenure was based upon a rigid insistence upon the right of the individual citizen and his descendants to hold land and other fixed hereditaments in perpetuity and the laws were undoubtedly designed to prevent its undue subdivision or dispersal. The prophet Isaiah, in a memorable passage, thundered against those that "join house to house and lay field to field"—in other words against the commercial monopolists of his day—but there are no indications in the Old Testament of any practical subscription to the modern Communistic theory that the land, as such, belonged by inherent right to the State or the commonalty.

F. M.

THE FIRST DAY: Able neither to stand or perch but only to crouch

AFTER TWO WEEKS: The baby just able to stand and totter

A Young Vulture's Upbringing

By S. S. M.

Apparently I must have struck a light-hearted mood that time when dining out with a neighbouring friend, and had been discussing natural history in some of its feathery aspects; and my host had taken me at my word. Imagine my surprise when, a few days later, two men arrived at my bungalow staggering under the weight of a huge basket suspended from a bamboo pole, accompanied by the inevitable crowd of inquisitive children. But my surprise was quickly increased to dismay when the basket was opened and I was confronted with its contents—a large dark-brown mass of a bird, helpless and cowering, with a long snake-like neck of leaden grey, and the familiar long hooked beak—nothing less than a young white-backed vulture.

After suitably rewarding the coolies with baksheesh, I gazed at the awful spectacle and considered what were the next steps to be taken. There could be no turning back. No, I must father this prodigy to the best of my ability until he should reach the age of discretion and be able to set out on his own in life's great struggle.

It was the middle of May when the bird arrived, and as vultures make their nests in some large tree as early as December, and are observed to be closely sitting by the end of January, I inferred that this young bird's fledging had taken a considerable time, for to look at he appeard to be fully grown, with an enormous wing span, and flight feathers of large size. Yet so utterly helpless was he that he could not stand up on his legs, but could only crouch down on the bed of straw that I had provided.

THREE MONTHS OLD: The skinney neck projects from the rapidly growing wings

The next thing to do was to feed him. A plate of chopped raw meat was brought and I forcibly thrust the pieces into his beak. He swallowed them all quite willingly, but when the plateful was finished he rather ungratefully vomited the whole lot up. The feeding was repeated a few hours later, only to be followed by the same result. On the following morning I once again fed the bird, but afterwards for the third time he ejected his meal. Exasperation ensued, and the bird was abandoned in despair and put into an outhouse. No doubt the meat was not high enough for his palate, but nothing would induce me to scrounge round for semi-decomposed dainties for a common or garden vulture, so that was that. Two days later, which meant that the bird had been four and a half days without any food, I thought that if he was not already dead, an end had better be put to his sufferings. Strange to relate he had survived his long fast, and was fit and lively. On being offered a plateful of freshly chopped meat he gobbled down a few pieces of his own accord—his future was assured.

In a week or so our young bird was able to stand up with difficulty, but could not walk very far, and was insecure when perching on a branch. In another week he was sure of himself when standing, but could only just spread his wings.

Meanwhile he had become quite tame, and my dismay of earlier days was changed into delight at the easy manner in which he took his food. Indeed, at the sight of any plate in anyone's hand he would put his head down and quite literally come bald-headed running towards that particular person. The sweeper-boy, whose job it was daily to provide a dish of meat, no sooner appeared on the scene than up raced the vulture for his food, to the great terror of the boy who dropped the dish and himself ran for safety. Afterwards, however, the boy soon became wise to this, and used to arrive with the plate hidden behind his coat, and by sudden sleight of hand produce it from nowhere and set it on the ground.

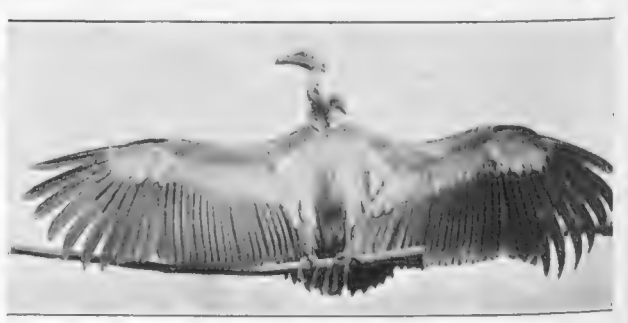
At night time the bird was always shut up in a large wire cage, while during the day he roamed at liberty round the compound, often entering the bungalow verandah itself, whence it was a difficult thing to dislodge him. He was never ferocious, and only bit in self defence when disturbed. Generally speaking, he was indifferent to everyone so long as he was left alone to do as he liked.

Thus he remained for three whole months, right up to the last week in August, at the end of which time he could only just fly a few yards with the utmost exertion.

At this time, I considered that my obligations as a foster parent had come to an end, but the difficulty was that he could not be persuaded to depart. He was repeatedly and forcibly ejected from the verandah into the compound. He was even denied his ration of meat for a few days in the hope of making him find his his own. Still, he hung on in the compound, sleeping on the ground at night, and walking about during the day, occasionally spreading his wings as though meditating on a flight, and it was not till a fortnight later that he finally left.

Early one morning he ventured into a high tree, then into a still higher one, and then, perhaps, afar off, espied some of his own kind wheeling round in wide circles. Instinctively, responding to the call of Nature, he climbed with belaboured flight into the high heavens and became almost lost to sight of mere man.

E. P. G.

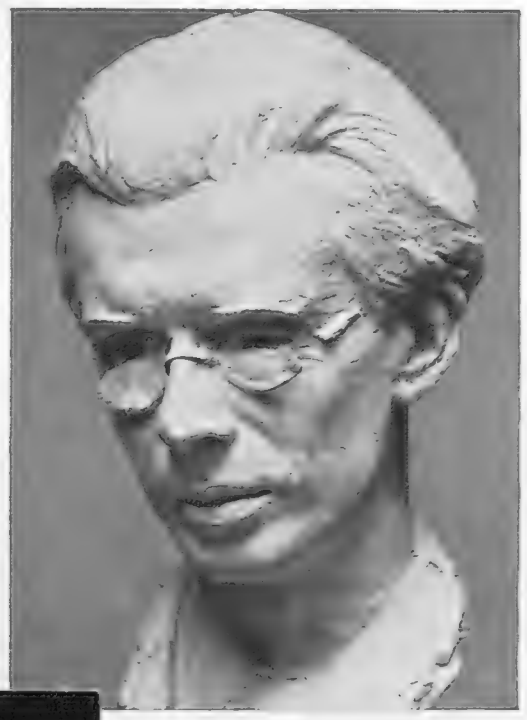


BARELY ABLE TO FLY: A vulture at three months, despite its great wings, cannot cover more than a few feet in the air

ART IN THREE DIMENSIONS

The Latest Sculpture at Many Exhibitions

THE ART OF BYZANTIUM: Ivory figures of the twelfth century lent by the Archæological Museum of Paris to the Paris Byzantine Exhibition. The flat disc haloes are characteristic of the culture of the Orthodox Greek Church



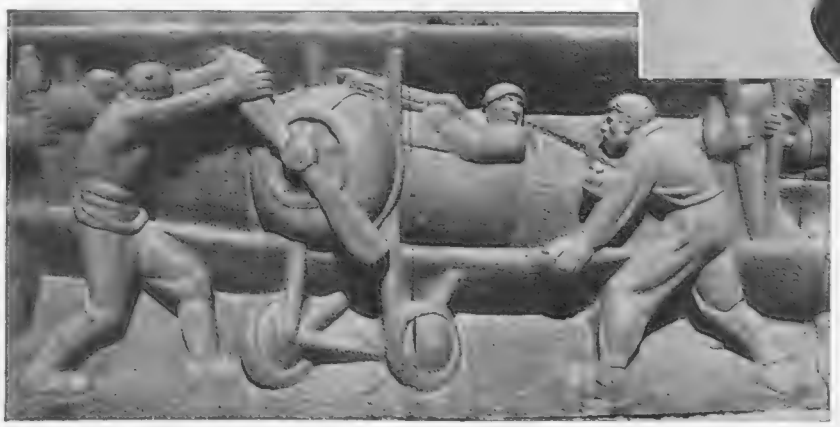
THE ART OF JO DAVIDSON: Portrait busts of Mr. James Joyce and Mr. Aldous Huxley by this powerful American sculptor at the Knoedler Galleries

LAURENCE MOORE, ESQ. . Mr. Eric Schilsky's powerful head at the National Society Exhibition, at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly

J. C. POWELL, ESQ.: Mr. Stephen Tomlin's impressive study of asceticism at the National Society Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries

"VIOLINIST": A new bronze by Barney Seale at the Royal Institute Galleries. Mr. Seale has just returned from a successful New York visit

CHINA IN BRONZE: Miss Anna May Wong, the distinguished film star, sat recently to the young Viennese sculptor, Herr Felix Weiss, who has skilfully caught the smooth charm of her face



THE GENOESE WAR MEMORIAL: Four details from the impressive memorial to the war dead of the Mediterranean port unveiled on the last day of last month. On left is a powerful study of modern artillery and cavalry, before and below which stand female figures of neo-Classic design. The frieze has in it neither the exquisite delicacy nor the repose of such work as the Elgin Marbles, but it holds more power and movement. To the right is a vignette of war as it appears to the Engineers, while on the extreme right are the mules of the Italian Red Cross. Above is seen the extraordinarily vivid aviation panel. The detail in this memorial is on the same scale, though not in the same school, as that of the Albert Memorial. The sculptor is Arturo Dazzi, the architect, Marcello Piacentini

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

NOAH AND HIS WIFE: M. Auguste Bavério and Mlle Suzanne Bing as the great Hebrew patriot and his wife in the production of André Obey's play Noé ("Noah"), *by* La Compagnie des Quinze, *at the Arts Theatre Club*

"The Age of Youth."

Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. H. F. Maltby are both of them clever and witty, but neither of them of late has been blessed with the best of luck. I trust that *The Age of Youth*, a comedy at the Kingsway, written (in part) by the latter and graced by the presence of the former, will bring prosperity. In normal times this little piece would have been sure of a comfortable run; and although the present policy at the Kingsway is not to have comfortable runs at all but to take off (for some reason I do not pretend to be able to follow, though I am quite willing to believe that it is an excellent one) any play it produces after a life of only a fortnight, another home will assuredly be found for it should it prove to the fancy of the public. With recollections of Miss Hoey in *Baby Mine*, I do not like to see her in a white wig pretending to be a grandmother. She is intended to be a grandmother with "It." But then, again, grandmothers with "It" are not to my taste, either on or off the stage.

However Mr. Maltby has wit and Miss Hoey has speed, brightness, and an indescribably professional way of doing anything on the stage, a way which it would be an insult to call "competent." Yet that is exactly what she is, for here she was competent to handle with charm even such a situation as that of a supposed grandmother from Australia (eventually she turns out to be somebody quite different), making the greater part of a fairly sane household fall in love with her. This causes any amount of trouble and jealousy, and Mr. Maltby's nimbly amusing dialogue helps things along when the construction sags a bit. The author himself plays a weary husband with a piquant touch and, though it was a grievous mistake to cast the alert-eyed and obviously aristocratic Mr. Morton Selten as a butler, he was a joy whenever he was on the stage and added considerably to the fun. Here, at any rate, deliberate nonsense though it is, is a sophisticated play for sophisticated people.

The Return of Richard Tauber.

The British audience admires pluck in adverse circumstances, and I like to think that some of the frantic cheers at Drury Lane the other night when Richard Tauber returned to the cast of *The Land of Smiles* were for the management, who had carried on (and, incidentally, kept a large number of English people in work) in face of incredible difficulties and disappointments. Of course, some of the cheers, in which I could detect a note of hysteria, were for Herr Tauber. Herr Tauber was saving his voice, since to sing for six nights a week, with a couple of matinées, music almost as strenuous as Grand Opera, is a stupendous task, and one which in my opinion should not be attempted by a first-class tenor, which he undoubtedly is. On the occasion when I heard him he was saving himself in a way which should enable *The Land of Smiles* to run for at least a couple of years, with a matinée every day, as far as he is concerned. At the same time I could not help thinking that the British musical-comedy public are either very easily pleased or are precious poor judges of what fine singing should be.

Not for an instant would I deny that Herr Tauber is a superb tenor—one of the best in the world. I have heard him sing with magnificent power and immaculate tone-quality. But in this case he was being ecstatically yelled at for a series of soft *falsettos*, often vanishing into nothingness, which any singer who knows the tricks of the trade could do equally well. He is, of course, in a quandary. If he lets himself go his voice will probably go too; if he holds himself in he can be justly accused of doing little more than making a pretence of singing. I have let *myself* go over this point partly from an ineradicable love of the truth, and partly because Herr Tauber has such a fine voice that I was disappointed to have heard, on this visit, so very little of it.

"Lovers' Meeting."

When *Lovers' Meeting*—a sequel to *Journey's End*, only in the sense that it deals with women's work in the War—was produced at the Royalty for one performance only, I urged in these columns with no little emphasis that it was so interesting a piece of work that it should be put in the regular bill. Without flattering myself that this is a case of cause and effect, I welcome its advent to the Prince of Wales Theatre—*Journey's End's* old home. The piece goes better than ever, and the author, or authoress, is, as I write, still remaining anonymous, which proves that modesty, however unnecessary, is not quite dead in the world of the theatre.

There is a refreshing chance in *Lovers' Meeting* of feminist propaganda of the more aggressive type—or, indeed, of any type. The heroism, the devotion to duty, the human failings, and the loves and disappointments of these women ambulance-drivers are set down realistically yet not too photographically for an interesting play to be made out of them. Miss Mary Merrall instils a quiet sense of tragedy into the part of a woman with a faithless husband, and Miss Renée Gadd is definitely becoming one of the most promising of our younger actresses. Mr. Evelyn Roberts is one of the very few men in the cast, and excellent he is.

"The Bandits."

Almost any play would I have welcomed which served to stop Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry playing facetious young men in "crook" dramas. He did that sort of thing well, but he did too much of it, and he is too good an actor to do it at all. *The Bandits* at the Garrick is a full-blooded affair of Mexican brigands—or bandits, (what, by the way, is the precise difference between a brigand and a bandit?). It has been written by Baron Henri d'Erlanger and Mr. Arthur Rose, and it is disarmingly ingenuous. It is full of explosions but not of surprises, since it is not difficult to guess what happens to the English people captured by those picturesque and not unsympathetic ruffians. Mr. Neilson-Terry himself swashbuckles with splendid heroism and a real air of romance. But it takes a Terry to get away with a play like *The Bandits*. The Terry charm has never come in quite so usefully, though this production has so many merits that Mr. Neilson-Terry is at any rate met half-way.

"Death Takes a Holiday."

Pirandello has a lot to answer for. His influence can be seen in M. Casella's play, *Death Takes a Holiday*, at the Savoy Theatre, and also, it is permissible to guess, in the presence in the cast of Mr. Ernest Milton, whose twist of humour is Pirandellesque and a trifle gloomy.

Death Takes a Holiday belongs to the order of plays which have in them a Visitor—with a capital V. Sometimes the Visitor, as in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, has a Divine suggestion, sometimes he is diabolical, and sometimes, as in a piece in which I saw Sir John Martin Harvey not long ago, he is, like the *Peter Pan* fairies, just "one of those silly little things who do not know quite *what* they are"!

In this case there should be no misunderstanding. We have Mr. Milton looking like Death at the Savoy, and it is a case of Milton being good for King Death, for this graceful and imaginative actor makes the Last Enemy so attractive during his visit to Earth that Miss Celia Johnson falls in love with him.

He had come to find out how the world got on without him, and he found that, since nobody died, it got on very well. He considerately did not make his stay a long one or the world would have become uncomfortably overcrowded and all the undertakers would be on the dole.

The play misses its mark in that it just fails to suggest pity or terror or true beauty or any of the qualities which redeem the suggestion of pretentiousness. Yet it is not without ideas, and interesting ones, and it is beautifully acted.

"Fedra"

An entirely new opera at Covent Garden is an extreme rarity, for reasons into which it is not necessary to enter here. It showed some enterprise to produce *Fedra*, by Romano Romani, since it has not, apart from its very lovely spectacle, the qualities which make for popularity or for a permanent place in the repertoire. Its libretto is a mass of horror. Puccini made a musical success out of torture and lust with *La Tosca*. That was because he popped a lot of good luscious tunes into his score like plums into a pudding.

Signor Romani has one or two good themes and he is a musician who knows his job; but he relies almost solely on atmosphere, which does not make for permanent success. The only successful "atmospheric" opera is *Pelléas et Mélisande*, whose atmosphere has a vastly different flavour. And even this is rarely, if ever, profitably supported.

Fedra has, however, the great asset of not being in the least boring. Madame Rosa Ponselle, singing superbly, proved herself also a fine tragedienne. An excellent performance was that of Miss Strella Wilson, a British soprano who should win a very big name for herself.

NOAH TURNS FOR COMFORT TO THE ANIMALS: A poignant moment in Noé *at the Arts Theatre Club—André Obey's brilliant play of the deluge, brilliantly played by the French troupe known as* La Compagnie des Quinze. *Finding himself estranged from the humans on the Ark Noah (M. Auguste Bavério) turns for comfort to the Tiger (Mlle Marthe Herlin) and the Lamb (Mlle Suzanne Maistre)*

THE PLAY'S THE THING

SUCCESS TO THE NEW VENTURE: Miss Adele Dixon, Mr. Edward Chapman, Mr. John Gielgud, Mr. Bernard Dudley, Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb, Miss Viola Compton, Miss Ellen Pollock, Mr. Edwin Ellis, Mr. Jack Cleves, Miss Edith Sharpe, and Mr. Clive Morton in the last scene of Part I of The Good Companions, *the successful dramatization of J. B. Priestley's best seller, at His Majesty's*

THE WOMAN'S WAR: Miss Renée Gadd, Miss Mary Merrall, Miss Esme Beringer, and Miss Kathleen Harrison as the four women motor-ambulance drivers round whom Lovers' Meeting, *the new war play by an anonymous author at the Prince of Wales (where the first half of the proverb was so successfully produced)*

TWO WOMEN AND ONE MAN: Miss Renée da Vaux, Mr. Evelyn Roberts, Mr. Ian MacDonald, Mr. Anthony Hawtrey, Miss Renée Gadd and Miss Mary Merrall in a poignant episode from Lovers' Meeting—*at the Prince of Wales*

"GOOD COMPANIONS" AND "LOVERS' MEETING"

STRANDED: A concert party in The Good Companions *suffers from a defaulting manager. The picture shows Mr. Jack Cleves, Miss Ellen Pollock, Mr. Edwin Ellis, Miss Viola Compton, and Mr. Bernard Dudley*

AUSTRIA: The Fascination of its Mountains and Lakes

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The charms of Austria have long been known to those connoisseurs of *tourism*, the Germans, and now there are unmistakable signs that at last we in this country are beginning to discover the delights of this most attractive of all the European holiday - grounds. The little republic offers an incomparable choice of pleasures—magnificent mountain and lakeland scenery, the finest stretch in the whole course of the Danube, the architecture and atmosphere of such towns as Vienna and Salzburg and Innsbruck, and the innate charm of a friendly and cheerful people whose hospitality is strangely uncommercial.

Tyrol, "the land of the mountains," and Innsbruck its historic capital, are already known to British visitors. It is the province which displays most fully all the beauty of upland Austria, in the long valleys that go up from the Inntal to the snows and glaciers of the Alps, among steep pinewoods and flower-starred pastures, and through remote villages that have changed little in 500 years. A delightful tributary valley which branches off near Innsbruck from the road to the Brenner Pass is the Stubaital, where Miss Anthony has laid the scene of *Autumn Crocus;* the admirable production at the Lyric Theatre is remarkable for the beauty of its setting, but those who have visited the Stubaital know that there has been no exaggeration. A little lower down the Inn you may go aside to the deep blue lake of the Achensee, and if you go up to the Achensee because it is the Home of Margaret Kennedy's *Constant Nymph*, you will stay because it is so obviously a place for a summer holiday, for bathing, sailing, fishing, walking, climbing, or merely *dolce far niente*.

THE LAND OF "AUTUMN CROCUS": The Stubai Alps and Stubai Valley, south of Innsbruck in Austrian Tyrol, are well-known to British holiday-makers. The charming and restful resorts are surrounded by glaciered mountains

Some at any rate of the thousands who are enjoying *White Horse Inn* will seek out St. Wolfgang in the Salzkammergut, the lakeland among the mountains near the festival town of Salzburg. It is true that I have never seen at St. Wolfgang such a riot of colour and such a concentration of gay mountaineers as revolve on the stage at the Coliseum, but it is a most delectable town, its ancient white houses mirrored in the lake under the high bare head of the Schafberg—and the galleried balconies and broad eaves of the original White Horse Inn are waiting at the water's edge. There is a whole constellation of lakes in the Salzkammergut, and two excellent holiday towns in Gmunden and Bad Ischl.

IN THE LAND OF THE "WHITE HORSE INN": The enchanting costumes of Carinthia and Tyrol are one of the most attractive features of Austria. They hold their ancient national dances on a primitive stage—the precedessor of the modern dance floor

Little has been heard in England yet of the lakes of Carinthia, but to my mind they are in many ways the loveliest in Austria, and they are being visited by the more discerning travellers in increasing numbers every year. The largest is Wörthersee, the warmest alpine lake in Europe, in a broad and comfortable valley where the sun shines all through the summer and a really wet day is a phenomenon. At Pörtschach, on the northern bank, you will lie in the sun in delicious idleness, bestir yourself occasionally to plunge into the lake, or to row or sail, and in the evening you will play tennis or dance *à la belle étoile*. And unless your will is stronger than mine you will shamelessly exceed the allotted span of your holiday among the lotus-eaters of the Wörthersee.

J. D. Newth

ON LAKE WÖRTHER: An aspect of Pörtschach, one of the most popular of Carinthian resorts. It offers all the amenities of modern civilization to its visitors — bathing, golf, tennis, bridge, and dancing — and also the charms of peasantry which are traditional and almost unchanged

Let Us Help You with Your Holiday Arrangements. See Announcement in Next Column

BUXTON'S

Environs off the Beaten Track

Buxton is the hub of touring in the High Peak of Derbyshire, and yet it is surprising that so many people radiate from the spa town to the old, popular, familiar places such as Haddon, Chatsworth, Bakewell, Chee Dale, Kinder, and so on, without stopping to think of other parts which are far less visited. One begins to wonder whether the tourist is aware of some little-known places which are seldom seen, and which lie comparatively near Buxton.

This short tour is a peep into a territory of beauty hidden behind the full glare of modernity; it is so easily accessible that the ground can be covered in the course of a single day. Leaving the Crescent in the heart of Buxton, we journey by the Leek bus in a westerly direction, and find ourselves winding over the vast moorland stretches of Axe Edge at an altitude of 1,800 ft. About four miles on our journey brings us to the Dove Head cottage; a few yards away is the source of Derbyshire's most beautiful river, the Dove, the water trickling out of a well and finding its way to the moorland valleys, down to Howe Green and Washgate Bridge. Dove Head is an excellent starting point, for it offers alternative routes; one for the motorist through Dowal Dale, the other for the rambler, who may choose the footpath way via Washgate, Fough, and the Dove Valley—one of the finest walks in the county.

WASHGATE BRIDGE

Keeping to the road, however, either on foot or by car, we shall find before Dove Head is reached on the Buxton-Leek highway, a narrow lane set back a few yards and leading over the moors of High Edge and Leap Edge to Dowal Dale. Instead of proceeding direct into Dowal it is a good plan to follow a rather bumpy track on the right to a tiny place bearing the uncommon name of Stoop, which is best seen from Tor Rock, a fine group of limestone rocks, 1,250 ft. high, reached by an easy walk over the neighbouring fields.

Tor Rock, which might fittingly be described as the Trencrom of Derbyshire, is an ideal point if unconventionality is to be sought. Stoop lies below among a cluster of trees, the sunshine playing illusively on the old farm buildings, and beyond the dancing shadows of light is the deeply-purpled landscape of High Edge, the narrow road disappearing magically over the top of the hills.

One feature of this district is the graceful shape of Hollins Hill, with its slopes of smooth green grass falling gently on the Stoop side and its beauty spreading to that part of the hill at the foot of which the Dove still survives to pass muster as a river.

PARKHOUSE HILL

From the summit of Tor Rock there is a magnificent sweep of hills; true, the peaks at hand belong to Derbyshire, yet it is clear that Staffordshire as it rolls out in the distance is a very beautiful county and does not begin and end with the Five Towns. The Staffordshire moors can plainly be seen for miles, across the valley are the trees of Hollinsclough, the wide, windy spaces of Hollins Moor, and far on the left is the rise of Wetton Hill.

Looking south, and within a short walking distance of Tor Rock is Chrome Hill, a very striking object. An irregular summit, peculiar contours, precipitous slopes, rich colourings, curious isolation, all combine to make Chrome unique. As we view it from Tor Rock it resembles the spokes of a giant wheel or as tremendous bones of a mammoth animal. Standing on its summit you might easily believe that all the counties of England can be seen, so extensive and varied are the landscapes. Chrome, which belongs to the geological fault of the district, is by far the most singular object of all the high ground of the Dove valley and is essentially a mountain in character and magnificence. Its ridge is unusual in construction, being broken by deep mounds of earth and rocks in jagged shapes that twist their way to the highest pinnacle and, finally, the summit has a twisted kink.

Fred J. Chapple

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

RESTORING TITIAN'S HOUSE

Archæological Items of Interest from Southern Europe

RESTORED TO ITS ANTIQUE BEAUTY: The altar has been replaced and the window behind it filled up in the Medici Chapel, Palazzo Riccardi, Florence. It is now as it was when Benozzo Gozzoli painted his glorious frescoes for the building

A MARVELLOUS RECONSTRUCTION: The house where Titian was born has been brilliantly transformed to its original state. It is in the district known as La Magnifica Cadorin, in the province of Belluno. It has been reconstructed, from prints and drawings, to what it was in 1477—the year of the artist's birth

A RECONSTRUCTION OF PRIMITIVE GREEK CHRISTENDOM: A room in the new Byzantine Museum of Athens. It has been decorated in the style of a Palaeo-Christianic basilica of the fifth century. The traces of Hellenic proportion still linger upon the architecture, and the forerunner of the modern pulpit is seen in the foreground

DISCOVERY IN THE PALAZZO VECCHIO: Finished in 1314 from Arnolfo di Cambio's designs, the Palazzo was partly rebuilt internally in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and when Duke Cosimo went to live there it was again enlarged. Commendatore Lensi, an authority in the Palazzo, has just discovered in the oldest portion, behind a wall built by Vasari, what is believed to be the original staircase. The figure of the Marzocco, the legendary guardian lion of the city, has a lamb between its paws

A RELIC OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: A funeral stele just discovered on the island of Cos in the Ægean. It represents a young athlete holding the olive crown won at the circus. The state of preservation is quite remarkable

When the Housewife had

POTS *and* PANS *of* SILVER

Chilian Work of the Araucanian Craftsmen which Interested the Prince of Wales

Silver as common as tin! Silver, 100 per cent. pure and beautifully wrought: silver pots and pans, kettles, tureens, drinking and eating vessels, dress and hair ornaments, stirrups and whips . . . *silver everywhere!* But not regarded as common stuff—instead, beautifully worked by hand by master-craftsmen with time of a more leisured age at their disposal.

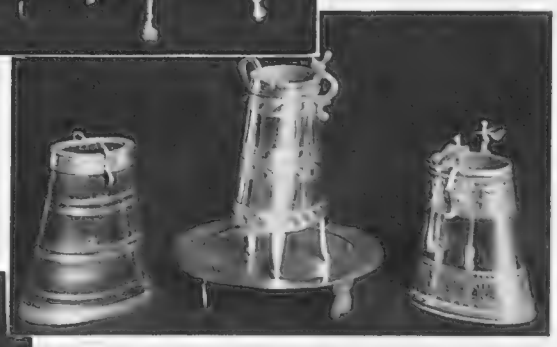
The visit of the Prince of Wales to Southern America did even more than stimulate interest in trade: it aroused interest also in the history and customs and art of the continent colonized by the Iberian race — a continent whose riches (fabulous and real) lured the Spanish adventurers and English pirates alike.

Some glimpse into the domestic life of the Spanish-American colonists, and some idea of the riches of the craftsmanship can be gained from what must be one of the most complete collections in this country (if not in existence) of Spanish-American silverware in the possession of an Englishman long resident in Chile, Mr. George Rose-Innes. Examination of the Rose-Innes collection lifts a corner of the veil that separates a machine-age from the leisure and riches of the Spanish-American home of the years of the colonization, or from the houses of the *patio* type, with their craftsmen's shops where the *ménage*, extending over three or four *patios*, would appear to have to support almost a small town of those who ministered to the needs of the family, not least the silversmith, turning out his wealth of pots and pans, *mate* pots, plates, and every imaginable need in the way of hardware in profusion of design and in the purest silver which was to be had almost for picking up.

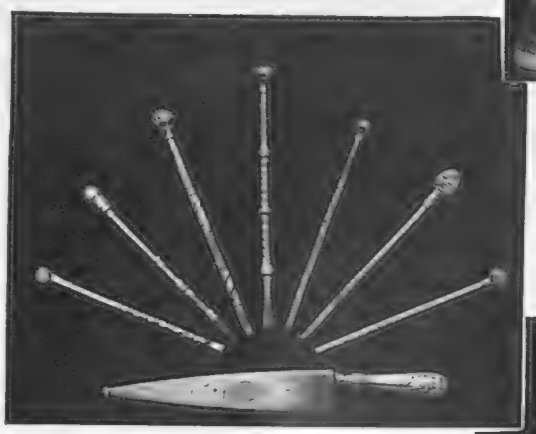
. . .

For 400 years of the colonization after the Conquest innumerable hundreds of lovely ornaments and metal work of all kinds have fed the melting pots of the avaricious . . .

MATE POTS: The elaborateness of these utensils is quite remarkable. The tiny birds on the right are on springs, while in the centre a huntsman is seen committing the unforgivable sin in shooting a fox!



MORE MATE POTS: On left is an actual horn in use before silver came to be used; On right the horn form is retained but the material differs; while in the centre is an elaborate milk-churn effect upon a stand



BOMBADILLAS: A selection of tubes with filter ends through which mate-yerba is drunk. Below is a wonderful chased knife. *On right* are gourd shapes inset in all stages, in front the plain gourd, then mounted with a silver rim, and finally set on a stand and elaborated with great craft and opulence

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Long before the coming of the Spaniards metals had been used, but apparently had no barter value, and were used for the services of the notables and the gods.

Then came the Conquest — down on the western strip of seaboard that we know now as Chile, the bravest of the South Americans, the Araucanians, retreated before the invaders but were never conquered by them (and are still the only original "Indian" tribe of the Americas to retain their own rule).

Chile was and is rich in silver, and the silversmiths have produced worthy work; after contact with the colonists the craftsmen got new impetus from a beauty-loving people. There is not, of course, here a question of "hall marks," since, in the profusion of every sort of article there could be no question of fake silver when need for fake was unknown, and alloys neither understood nor contemplated. Occasionally in the Rose-Innes collection one may see the name of the owner engraved on the utensil; that is all the identification.

We are dealing with rooms where, from the sixteenth century — ventilation was not always as efficient as to-day — the incense and the perfume burners therefore were common and necessary utensils. . . .

The service of *mate* tea gave rise perhaps to most flights of imagination in design; *yerba mate* (which we now drink with much benefit as a new idea) was quite early in the history of the Conquest adopted by colonists as a household drink: first in the gourd and then in the silver-rimmed gourd . . . then from the silver *gourd-shaped* container it was imbibed through the *bombadilla*—the slender tube with the filter arrangement at the lower end.

More rarely (and indeed those shown here are some of the few examples) is the horn-shaped *mate* pot found; and as time goes on and riches increase, more and more elaborate are the embellishments, and more delicate and ingenious grows the interpretation of these quaint conceits.

An old book yields a print of a *mate* drinking in process; on the charcoal brazier stands the silver jug, simmering with hot water for the herb; guests sit round with each his or her *mate* pot, imbibing the *yerba* through the *bombadilla*; if the pot were passed from hand-to-hand it was a mortal affront to wipe the mouthpiece of the *bombadilla*. . . .

Joan Woollcombe

DESIGN *in* SHADOW

That shadows can be most decorative most of us know, but many of us fail to realize their actual value in connection with interior decoration when they are used as a means to an end—to form beautiful shapes and designs on perfectly plain white walls at night—with the aid of clever lighting and arrangement of course.

Before experimenting with such elusive things as shadows it is well to provide the suitable background, which must be quite plain and white for the best effect. Whether it is to be of matt or shiny surface is a matter of personal taste—and there are so many different treatments for walls, nowadays—wax, varnish, or whichever way is chosen, if the walls are plain white they are in perfect taste for displaying shadows.

Given the right setting and furniture which expresses the beauty of extreme simplicity, one may go far in creating an unusual atmosphere in any room with shadows. The value of space must be realized, too. Furniture must be "grouped" correctly, and a great deal depends on the arrangement of pieces of modern furniture—it may show knowledge and taste in the very way in which it is arranged—or otherwise, and the whole effect be lost. Plain spaces and plain walls are essential to shadow decoration, and the actual jars, bowls, or pots which hold the flowers, foliage, or leaves, must conform to the rules of good design, as bad shapes are apt to look grotesque in shadow rather than decorative.

In Paris some very striking effects are worked out in the most modern rooms, merely by the use of artificial flowers in artificial light. One room, in all-white and silver, had high jars of dull black pottery, filled with tall leaves made of tinfoil, their stems bound with oxidised silver and black raffia. These were bent in varying curves to form wonderful designs on the white walls: they had the appearance of windblown trees in shadow. Glass trees, too, were used in the same room for this purpose. Everything seemed to be chosen for its shape rather than colour.

Lovely lines can be formed on walls by rightly placing groups of jars with carefully arranged flowers to cast their shadows

Lovely lines can be formed on walls by rightly placing groups of jars, with carefully arranged flowers to cast their shadows, but there must be a "studied carelessness" about the arrangement of the flowers, as anything set and formal will fail to look picturesque. So much of the idea depends on how they are arranged. There must be a "lightness" of touch in the handling of flowers at all times, but particularly so when one has to concentrate more on the shadow than the substance.

Where rooms of a delicate type are wanted, with half-tones and half-lights, and fabrics and rugs—everything, in fact, is chosen of the indistinct blurred and shadowy style—the addition of some pots filled with young, green leaves will lend a charming touch when lights are turned on to throw out the shadows.

Flowers with the greatest variety in their shapes make the best designs on the walls—and the most interesting—but branches of all kinds, even leaves and ordinary foliage, are found useful for making shadows. There are unlimited possibilities in the shadow idea, but it is best to keep to the more delicate type of flower and foliage. A shadow must be elusive to be at all intriguing, and nothing is more mystic than a room filled with shadows at nightfall.

Violet King

SALE-ING FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

This ensemble, comprising a long coat of woollen material, a cardigan of shantung, with frock to match, is offered by Marshall & Snelgrove for the modest price of £5 18s. 6d. There are many variations of this attractive suit, including smart shades of green, blue, oatmeal, and yellow

This gay and charming three-piece beach or river suit is carried out in red and blue linen. The small coatee is reversible, being blue on one side and red on the other. From Galeries Lafayette

A very practical acquisition to the holiday wardrobe is this shantung suit, which includes a blouse of plain material and coat of fancy shantung. The skirt is hand-pleated on a scalloped yoke. The blouse costs 18s. 9d., the cardigan 39s. 6d., and the skirt 35s. 9d. From Debenham and Freebody

A becoming hat carried out in yellow linen embroidered with black. It is a French model and costs 49s. 6d. from Swan & Edgar

Quilted linen in various and delicate pastel shades is the medium chosen for this attractive model. It costs 25s. 9d. in Swan & Edgar's sale

The first week in July will see the summer sales in full swing.

Debenham and Freebody's commences on July 6 and runs for three weeks. There are many attractive bargains to be had in all departments and a catalogue will be sent post free upon request.

Marshall and Snelgrove began their sale on June 22, and the charming and inexpensive ensemble sketched above is typical of the *chic* and practical bargains that one may obtain from this store. Once again a comprehensive catalogue will be sent upon request.

Quite drastic reductions in all departments are to be made during sale-time at Gorringes (the sale commences on July 6 for three weeks). Three-piece beach suits, for instance, are obtainable from 11s. 9d. and charming figured voiles from 21s. Another exceptional bargain is an ensemble comprising hat, frock, and scarf to match, all for the modest price of 30s.

June 29 is the date chosen for Swan and Edgar's sale, when many practical bargains will be offered. Attractive tweed skirts are offered from 7s. 6d., whilst one very charming evening ensemble, carried out in black and white satin, costs only 63s.

Galeries Lafayette are having a three-weeks' sale commencing on June 29. A good example of the bargains obtainable there during that period is the charming beach suit sketched above.

Marjorie Day

WOMEN WHO WIN

In Many Spheres of Modern Life

Peter North

A LADY OF SONG: Miss Elena Danielli, who will sing the Love Music, for which Henry VIII wrote the words, at the pageant in aid of the Waifs and Strays at Knole on July 1. Miss Danielli sang with Melba at her last performance in Australia

Elliott & Fry

FOR WHOM A DANCE WILL BE GIVEN: Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart, daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, and the Hon. Mrs. A. Maule Ramsay

A LADY NIMROD OF SWEDEN: Miss Greta Morlander, who participated in the first big motor-race in Sweden to be held for women only. It was held on the outskirts of Stockholm and shows how popular the sport is becoming in Scandinavia

THE PROGRAMME AND THE CIGARETTE: Lady Brecknock with Lady Crosfield's little niece, a vignette at the exhibition lawn tennis matches at Lady Crosfield's Highgate house, arranged by Lady du Cros, at which the Duchess of York was present

Peter North

A LADY OF LETTERS AND FASHION: The Countess Lathom, widow of the late Lord Lathom, who achieved considerable distinction as a playwright and art connoisseur. Formerly Mrs. Xenia Morrison, Lady Lathom, one of the best-dressed women in London, has just written an excellent book on Claud Monet

LADY LINDY STILL FLYING: Miss Amelia Earhart, who created a sensation by flying the Atlantic as a passenger, is seen above waving farewell as she leaves Newark, New Jersey, for Los Angeles, by autogiro

A HAPPY MEETING IN AFRICA: Dame Clara Butt with her son. The famous singer and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, have recently completed a successful tour of South Africa. Dame Clara is bringing her son home for a holiday, after which he returns to Rhodesia

charm

To-day, Dress-charm—of line, of colour, of texture—is mostly a matter of access to the largest ranges of Fabrics. The woman who best displays that charm owes her conquests to knowledge... her most heavenly "Creations" are due to *Courtaulds' Fabrics.*

On the beaches, about the countryside, in exclusive salons, the sheer loveliness of *Courtaulds' Fabrics* has countless expressions. Loveliness fortified against air and sun and soiling. Loveliness guaranteed to its glad possessors—because they ask explicitly for

Courtaulds' Fabrics.

COURTAULDS

FABRICS

COURTAULDS'

DRESS & LINGERIE FABRICS

LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

SOLD BY LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES.

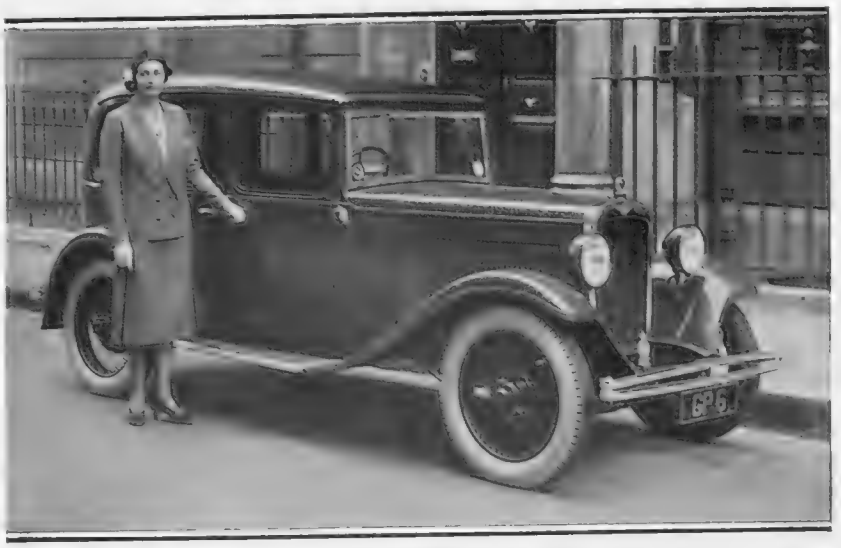
If any difficulty in obtaining Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. F2), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C.1

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

R.A.C. AND A.A. GUIDES.—Last week I devoted all my space to making comments on the good work which the R.A.C. were, at present, doing with the Ministry of Transport in connection with the proposed regulations dealing with head and side lamps on motor-cars. The R.A.C. has many fields of activity and so, too, has the Automobile Association, but perhaps the work which touches the private motorist more than any other is that of their Road Guides. Whilst referring to this good work I have been noticing lately that the R.A.C. Guides are carrying out more and more traffic control work every day. For the past month I have had occasion to pass through Guildford and Godalming twice every day. I do not suppose there are any other two towns in the country that are more difficult to travellers, and I find that in each case the greater part of the burden of controlling the traffic is now in the hands of the R.A.C. Guides. Godalming only allows cars to be parked on one side of the streets, but Guildford for some reason best known to itself allows motorists to pull up on both sides. The High Street is, of course, on quite a steep gradient and has many important roads coming into it. In addition there is a tremendous amount of through traffic including a large number of motor coaches. The result of the conditions permitted by the local authorities is abnormal delay and a greater increase in the danger of driving through this main street. The Automobile Association through their Scouts are equally helpful to all motorists, whether they are members of the A.A. or not. When one considers the hundreds of R.A.C. and A.A. servants who are thus helping motorists on their way by performing what are purely and simply police duties it is not difficult to see that the community as a whole is being saved a considerable amount of money every year through the sporting action of a comparatively small number of motorists who are members of these two great national institutions. Both bodies have many other important activities, but even if they both confined their attentions to traffic regulations to the extent to which they are now doing, they are worthy of support by every owner of a motor-car. After all, a subscription to the R.A.C. or the A.A. is a trifling sum compared with the annual costs of running a car and I would urge everyone who is not a member to join one or other, but preferably both so that they may feel they are contributing towards what is undoubtedly national work. I am not suggesting that either organization is lacking in funds, but if each were to double its membership tomorrow they would be able to augment their present staff of road servants and the whole motoring community would benefit thereby. My own experience shows me that the average road Guide or Scout is usually more efficient in his traffic-controlling duties than the arm of the law.



FIRST IN THE ORDER OF THE ROAD: The Countess of Cottenham with the new Austin Saloon de luxe recently supplied by Pass and Joyce, Ltd., who are one of the biggest Austin agents in the country. It will be remembered that the Right Hon. the Earl of Cottenham is Chairman of the Order of the Road

BRITISH SUPREMACY.—In my notes recently I referred to the European 10,000 kilometre trial in which only two British cars were competing. These cars were two Rileys, one an Alpine Six Open Tourer, and the other a similar model with a saloon body. Both gained first-class awards and in addition the saloon, which was driven by Mrs. Montague Johnson, gained the Hungarian Motor Club's Cup. The route took competitors across Germany, Switzerland, France, and Spain. Good and bad roads were encountered and every variety of weather and temperature was experienced.

In Southern Europe the heat was so terrific that the driver of the open car had to go along with the sides of the bonnet raised whilst his passenger sat with his feet through the windscreen opening. Many drivers' hands were blistered with the heat of steering wheels and gear levers. In spite of the troublesome times in Spain no sign of revolution was seen.

SLEEP AND SPEED.—In Portugal, dust was the biggest obstacle. This was so thick that it was like driving through fog, and the English competitors returned home with a new and keen appreciation of the blessings of tarred roads. The most serious incident was when a German driver whilst doing 60 m.p.h. in Spain fell asleep at the wheel. The car, unfortunately, ran off the road and hit a tree, killing the driver instantly and seriously injuring his passenger. This trial was certainly one of the stiffest events ever organized, and, therefore, the 100 per cent. success of the only two British cars is all the more remarkable. Every nation over whose roads the trial ran gave official welcomes to the competitors. The long stream of cars was nothing more or less than a practical motor show, and it seems to me that the British Motor Trade lost a valuable opportunity of demonstrating their wares to the people of Europe. The Riley Motor Company was, of course, the one exception, and it is certain that they will reap the benefit of their enterprise. If these are bad times, and I think we take that for granted, manufacturers should surely push their goods all the more. Instead of that, the motor and other trades would appear to prefer doing nothing until normal conditions return. Obviously, if that is the attitude of every industry, things will never be better.

SUMMER SHELL PETROL

is seasonally blended to suit the prevailing temperature and, by the way, to be up-to-date you *must* Shellubricate too

(THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD)

ROLLS-ROYCE

I would like to tell you how pleased I am with the car in every way. It appears to be very fast, the acceleration is excellent, but what impresses me most is the way it holds the road comfortably at all speeds.

When driving the car at speed one has a feeling of complete security and all the qualities of the Rolls-Royce appear to have been retained although the speed and acceleration have been very greatly increased.

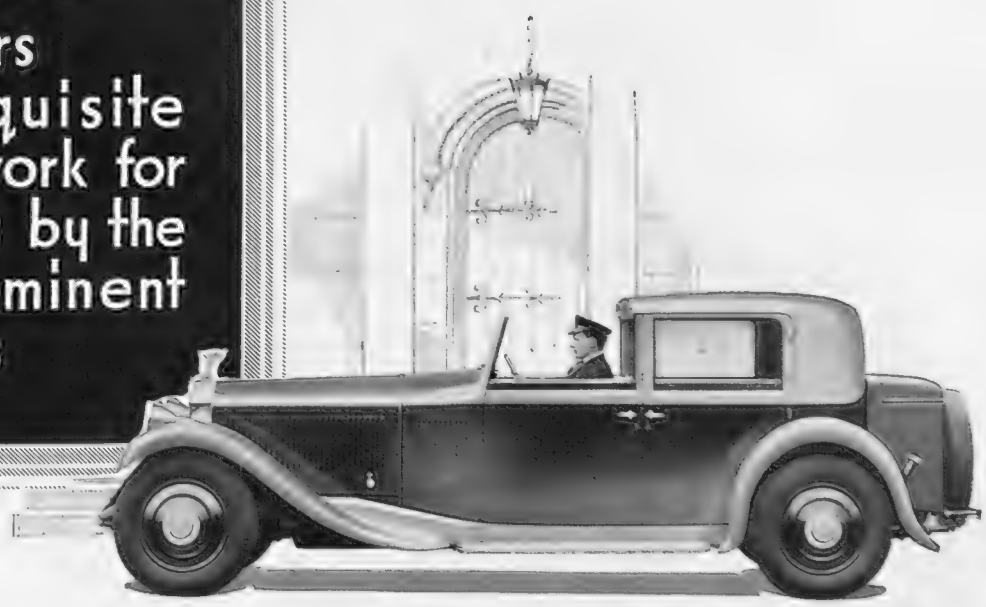
Please allow me to congratulate you on the production of a very wonderful machine.—*Owner's letter Reference No. 2035*

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W1
Telephone Mayfair 6201

R. A. F. DISPLAY, HENDON, 27th JUNE

BY APPOINTMENT

Builders of exquisite coachwork for chassis by the most eminent makers



OFFICIAL RETAILERS OF ROLLS-ROYCE CARS

Works Address: 108, Cricklewood Lane, N.W. 2
Telephone: Hampstead 5713

Thrupp & Maberly, Ltd
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, BERKELEY STREET, W.1
Telephone: Grosvenor 3401
Telegrams: "Thrupanmab, Piccy"

AUSTRALIA AND BACK

by light aeroplane

—D.H. GIPSY MOTH

Record breaking flights out and home by Mr. C. W. A. Scott using

By flying from England to Australia in 9½ days and returning in 11 days, Mr. C. W. A. Scott has broken the records for the flights out and home. He cabled to Wakefield House: "Extremely pleased. Castrol XXL functioned splendidly under most exacting conditions. Many thanks services and supplies."

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

XXL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British* Firm, Wakefield House, London, E.C.2

A REPUTATION UPHELD: The Hillman "Wizard" 75 which has effectively lived up to the claims which the manufacturers made for it. Mr. Bradley gives below his experiences in a recent test with this already famous car

The HILLMAN "WIZARD"

A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

WIZARD IN NAME AND FACT.—When a Hillman Wizard was handed over to me for test during a recent week-end I fully anticipated that I would be disappointed with its performance. This car was ushered into the world with a great fanfare of trumpets, and everybody was told that it would occupy a position all on its own in the motoring world. Usually when my friends tell me that I ought to go and see such and such a play as it is marvellous, I come away after my visit sadly disappointed. In other words the Wizard had been given such a reputation that I never believed that it could live up to it. Now having tried it I can honestly say that the claims made on its behalf have not been exaggerated, and that the praise bestowed upon it by other critics has, if anything, not done it justice.

The manufacturers of this car, acting on the advice of Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., whose directors had studied the overseas markets on the spot, set out to produce a car which would compete favourably with the American-built product overseas. Very wisely they decided that the engine must have the characteristics of the usual American power unit. In other words a low compression spongy engine had to be built. Their efforts in this direction have been more than successful, for the power unit of the Wizard is as good as the American product, but in addition the designer, Captain Irving, has succeeded in giving it many of the characteristics of the high efficiency prime-mover. So far as I know the Americans have never succeeded in combining these two extremes in one engine. I think, therefore, that the Wizard leaves its American competitors far behind.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the HILLMAN "WIZARD" 75

Engine—6 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—75 mm. and 106 mm.
Capacity—2810 cc.
Cooling—Pump and Fan.
Ignition—Lucas Waterproof Coil.
Carburetter—Solex.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Final Drive—Spiral Bevel.
Suspension — Semi-elliptic all round.
Petrol Tank—At rear of Chassis 14 Gallons.
Electrical Equipment—12 volt Lucas.
Annual Tax—£21.
Price (Family Saloon) £270.

Manufacturers:
THE HILLMAN MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

"65" AND "75."—The engine has six cylinders and is supplied without extra charge in two sizes, one known as the "65," which has a capacity of 2,110 cc., and the "75" which has a capacity of 2,810 cc. It was one of the latter which was loaned to me. When the car was brought down to me I was told to use any inferior brand of petrol that I could find, as no matter what fuel was used the engine would not pink. Needless to say I gave myself the intense and unusual pleasure whenever I pulled up at a garage of demanding so many gallons of the worst petrol in stock. Even with inferior spirit and with the spark, which it should be noted is supplied by coil and battery, fully advanced, the engine showed no signs of knocking or pinking when I stood on the accelerator pedal with the car on top gear and thus asked it to accelerate from about 3 m.p.h. I know no of other car that would take kindly to such treatment. Personally I am not accustomed to forgetting the existence of a gear-box, but just for the novelty of the experience I purposely ignored the gear lever on several journeys. Those of my readers who know the twisty road from Cobham to Chichester, via Haslemere and Midhurst, will remember that there are some quite distinct gradients on the road. Even when I was negotiating these behind lorries and with oncoming traffic preventing me from passing, the car made light of crawling up the gradients on top gear and then accelerating the moment it was safe to overtake.

The acceleration even on top gear is far better than the majority of cars using their gears. I found, therefore, that with the exception of ultra-fast sports cars I could leave the field all the way.

As regards all-out speed I was able to register just over 56 m.p.h. timed by a stop-watch over a half-mile on the track. Unfortunately the wind, and a high one at that, was dead against me, otherwise that maximum, I am sure, could have been increased. Maximum speed, however, is not important, for it is acceleration which counts and this the Wizard has in abundance.

THE LAZY MAN'S CAR.—I am glad to say that its brakes are just as good as its engine, and after driving it over 200 miles I was able to give up the car without ever really knowing how strong they were, because even in an emergency I had a large reserve of braking effort which I was never called upon to employ. The suspension and the steering are also both 100 per cent. features.

I would also like to mention that the engine and the transmission are dead quiet and it is not until a speed of over 50 m.p.h. is reached that the presence of an engine under the bonnet makes itself known.

The body is roomy and the seats are all comfortable so that the passengers ride in comfort, and I particularly noticed that there were no rattles nor any drumming to irritate anyone.

In conclusion my final impression is that the manufacturers have in this Wizard produced the nearest approach to a modern steam car that the motor trade has ever seen. It is the lazy man's perfect motor-car, and it is, I am sure, just what is required for the overseas markets.

Sportsmen all . . .

It is to young men of all ages that we have dedicated the Tudor Floor. To every lover of games and the out-of-doors . . . whether he plays cricket for his county or golf for the amusement of his friends.

For it is the Austin Reed policy to provide the ideal environment in which a man may choose his clothes, speedily or at his leisure. And what apter setting could there be for sports clothes than this beautiful Floor, built in the style of Elizabethan days . . . the days when health and strength and freedom meant so much.

Here on the Tudor Floor is everything that a man can want to clothe himself for the open air. Plus fours in a distinguished variety of fabrics and designs. Sports coats of Cheviot and Harris tweed. And very suitably the Tudor Floor, reminiscent of the pioneer spirit of adventure, has been chosen for the flying kit that we are selling in increasing quantities every year. Above the Tudor Floor is the Tudor Gallery, where is a very fine array of sweaters, woollies, pullovers plain and patterned. White flannel trousers, grey flannel trousers, expertly tailored from fine quality cloth. Blazers, sports wear of every kind, and raincoats . . . for this English weather is no respecter of holidays.

Certainly, there is much to see on the Tudor Floor and in the Tudor Gallery. And we have made it our especial care that everything that is sold there shall be fully worthy of its environment.

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

Telephone: Regent 7911

SR 2031

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

THE WIMBLEDON HOROSCOPE

(Continued from p. 575)

The Ladies' Doubles will, I think and hope, be largely British. Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Michell (what a pity the former is not fit enough to play in the singles—she is ranked third in the world's ten, which read: Mrs. Moody, Fräulein Aussem, Mrs. Watson, Miss Ryan, Madame Mathieu, Miss Jacobs, Miss Mudford, the Señorita, "Betty," and Fräulein Krahwinkel), Mrs. Godfree and Miss Round, Mrs. Shepherd-Barron and Miss Mudford, Mrs. McIlquham and Miss Harvey, Miss Heeley and Miss James (the latter a future star of the first magnitude or I miss my guess), Mrs. Pittman and Miss Ridley, and, above all, the Nuthall-Whittingstall combination should prove stronger than any foreign competition—notably Aussem-Krahwinkel of Germany and Metaxa-Sigart, both of whom are seeded. Had it not been for Miss Ryan's unfortunate indisposition, I should have picked Madame Mathieu and the Anglo-Californian as odds-on favourites. As it is, I think "Betty and Eileen" should win.

N. SHARPE, who may spring a surprise on Cochet in the first round

LONG AND SHORT: G. Lyttleton-Rogers (right) and S. B. Wood. Both are dangerous

And the Mixed! Mixed it is. The French do not play well in this event, so I pass over Borotra and Miss Jacobs and Boussus and Mrs. Lycett. I think Kingsley and Mrs. Watson should go far; Lott and Mrs. Harper nearly as far; Collins and Miss Ridley as far as either. Gregory and Mrs. Pittman might get away with it if he is inspired and she will let him poach—a predilection of the Yorkshireman even in Men's. Kirby and Mlle Sigart are also seeded but I do not see them as finalists. Olliff and Mrs. Godfree might also do well, if the one-time young hope does not get one of his too-frequent "don't care" fits. Dr. Spence and Miss Nuthall are also well in the running. But I fancy most strongly of all Cochet and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall. Cochet is a law unto himself, and he is an exception to the rule of non-success of French stars in doubles. I somehow think he will not again risk everything for a set and three-quarters and only nearly pull off a victory, as happened last year. If I do not mistake my man, I think he will make up to his partner in 1931 what he lost her (for lose it he did) in 1930.

UNSEEDED BUT STARRED: G. S. Mangin, a redoubtable U.S. competitor

Prophets have a way of being confounded by events. By the time these lines appear in print, anything may have happened—and probably will. One prophecy I can make without fear of contradiction: As good tennis is to be seen on the outside as on the centre courts. I advise Wimbledon visitors not to concentrate on the latter to the exclusion of the former. There is many a player I am hoping again to see—players who may go out first round. The most thrilling matches I saw last year—save always the Tilden-Borotra match—were on outside courts.

BRITAIN'S SECOND STRING: G. P. Hughes, who should win with F. J. Perry

OTTERS by G. S. BRIEN: A witty application of amphibian grace and speed to the needs of Shell products

LAVENHAM by EDNA CLARKE-HALL: One of the more picturesque of Shell posters

SHELL POSTERS ON EXHIBITION

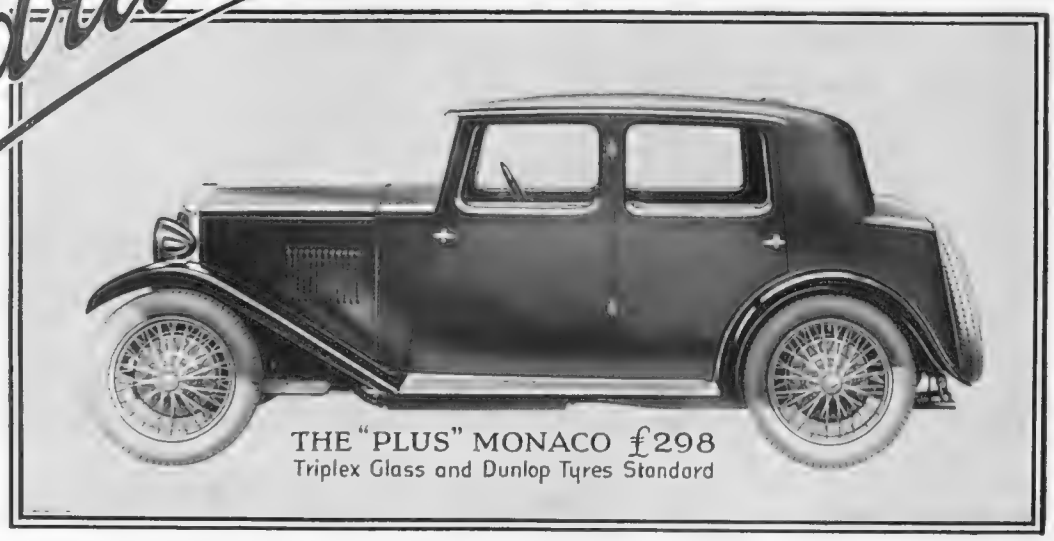
Witty and Picturesque Publicity on View at the New Burlington Galleries

One of the features of modern life that has at once added to the gaiety of the nation and given a much needed lead in the subject of advertising tact is the remarkably clever and witty posters designed to promote the sale of Shell products. These posters are now on exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries—a fascinating show opened by that notable figure in the world of æsthetics, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis. In his opening speech, he said: "Obviously there is advertising *and* advertising—the Shell sort and the other. The intelligent, the discreet, and the witty way which is Shell's, the blatant, the unmannerly, the brutal way which is the way of the anti-social numb-skulls who quaintly imagine that to arrest attention is the same thing as to attract. . . . *The posters, being good posters, speak for themselves. They show the subtlety of the Shell technique. The aim is to tickle one into friendly attention by witty and epigrammatic design.*"

"IF EVERYTHING WERE DIFFERENT" by REX WHISTLER: One of the wittiest of Shell Advertisements

ST. OSYTH'S MILL by CEDRIC MORRIS: Shell does not advertise in places like this

"Such fun to drive"



Mr. A. G. Throssell, Motoring Correspondent of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," recently wrote of the "PLUS" RILEY —

"The causes of the Riley Nine's abiding popularity are three — it is an individual car with a strongly marked character of its own — it is extremely good looking — and most potent cause of all it is such fun to drive."

"Such fun to drive" — so easy to control — so tractable — so handsome as constantly to inspire the admiration of other car owners — so economical in upkeep and running costs — so willing to give long service — so speedy — so comfortable and so safe! Now there is only one way definitely to prove its virtues. We ask you to adopt it — a demonstration without the slightest obligation. We will arrange this if you write us.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY. 42, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE INTERNATIONAL OVERSEAS EXHIBITION IN PARIS 1931

THE DARK CONTINENT BROUGHT TO EUROPE

EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR JUNE

GALA—Children's Fête.

FOREIGN LEGION BAND—Inauguration of Colonial Grand Symphony Concerts.

NIGHT FÊTE of 1,000,000 lights. Loïe Fuller Ballet.

AFRICAN NIGHT—Senegal and Madagascar dances and music.

TAHITAN NIGHT—Nautical Fête.

BLACK AFRICA — Conferences and auditions organised by the Société des Gens de Lettres.

SCOUT FÊTE—Union of the Society of Education and Physical Culture.

A DAY IN BLACK AFRICA—Procession of King Behanzin. Fête of Queen Ranavalo.

GALA—Night Fête on Lake of Cambodia.

FÊTE—Colonial tours. Procession of the means of transport in the Colonies. Dirigibles and 'planes. Grand Battle of Flowers with beauties from the Paris Theatres.

AMERICAN DAYS—Celebrations in the American Section.

The best holiday plan you can make this year is to go to France—for there, besides the thrill of being on the Continent, the delight in the gayest city in the world, you have the Exposition Coloniale, where, by the magical transformation of the Bois de Vincennes, you are transported to far, strange countries—you go "round the world in a day."

What more complete and exciting holiday?

The Exhibition is truly a colonial cosmos, for here are grouped buildings, streets, reproductions from all of France's far-flung colonies, and exhibits from America, the Belgian Congo, Batavia, Java, the Libyan Desert and Portuguese dependencies.

What a riot of colour! What a feast of romantic associations! The setting of a veritable thousand-and-one nights' entertainment has been created under the mild skies of Europe, amid the trees and little lakes of urban France.

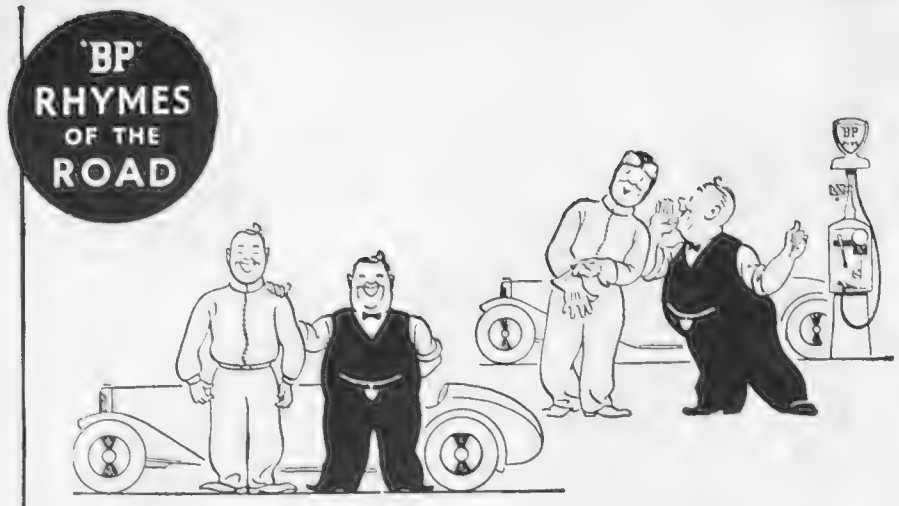
Strange sounds greet your ears—the ominous drumming of a tom-tom, the whine of Tunisian instruments, the tinkle of temple Bells. In the Zoo, lions roar — for among great rocks wild animals roam apparently at liberty.

Here East and West meet, despite Kipling's dictum. For the American contributions are a replica of George Washington's home, Mount Vernon, and exhibits of Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Alaska.

Fascinating native eating-places serve exotic dishes, and in numerous restaurants of every class is the famed French cuisine.

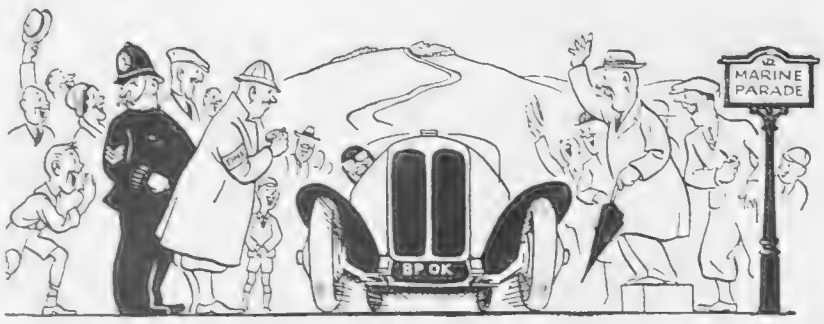
All the world will journey to this Mecca of modern achievement. And as the Exhibition is to be open until October and special transport rates can be obtained, probably you will stay in France for a while and go "round the world in a day" many times.

DORLAND



Tom, Tom, the pump-man's son,

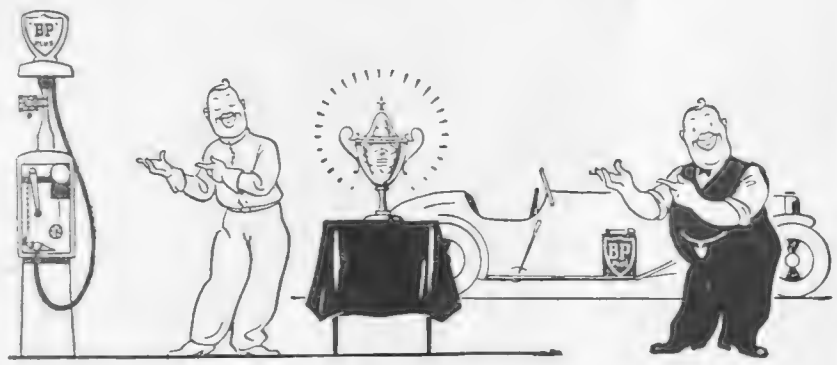
Has made another record run —



Over the hills,

and down to the sea —

(Dad's advice was; "Plus 'BP'!")



The blue 'BP' plus *definitely ensures* — instant starting + amazing acceleration + more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful hill-climbing + freedom from pinking

"BP" PLUS

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.
BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD., BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2
DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION

FADDISTS' SEASON IN PARLIAMENT

Queer Cranks and Artful Dodgers Who Haunt the House of Commons in the Summer

By CHARLES T. KING

(Past Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists)

The busy season in the Cranks' Lobby in the Houses of Parliament is now on. In the beautiful Central Hall of the Palace of Westminster, situated midway between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, cranks, faddists, humbugs, place-seekers, and some honest, sane persons gather in special numbers in the final weeks before the closing of Parliament in early August.

They hang about, sending in cards to individual M.P.s, or stand watching for peers and members to pass through.

Sometimes for minutes, often for hours upon end, a human gallimaufry waits in this Cranks' Corner seeking an opportunity of pressing all sorts of things upon Members. Except for the long hours of waiting, often in vain, it might be called the Buttonholers' Paradise.

The population of Cranks' Corner is varied indeed. It contains cranks and reasonable people as well. There are Little Englanders, Pro-Ghandists, Pro-Russians, Flat Earthists, Grass-Eaters, Communists, Neo-Birth-Controllers, Sunday Cinema Opponents, Anti-Tote Leaders, Anti-Divorce Apostles, Marriage Re-moulders, Advanced Nudists, Anti-Nudists, Anti-Filmists, Anti-Vivisectionists, Sunday Stage Closers, Bookie-Abolitionists, Anti-Vaccinators, Pro-Afridis, Anti-Nationalists, Anti-Floggers, Anti-Hangers, Murderer Reprieve Petitioners, Small Navyites, Cat-Haters, Pro-Cattists, Pro-Pekists, Dog Licence Increase Apostles, Sunshine Leaguers, Ultra Speed Merchants, Pro-Pedestrians, Private Grievance Wanglers, Home-Rule-for-Scotland Advocates, Church Disestablishers, Pro-Genevans, Anti-Genevans, Anti-Tobacconists, Anti-Dora Speakers, Anti-Gamblers, Plenary Sweepstake Advocates, Smoking-Room Seekers, Terrace Strawberry Tea Suggesters, Alleged Election Car Lenders, Self-Styled Super Canvassers, Anti-Imperialists, Free Dinner Merchants, Local Spellbinders, Advocates of England-Always-Wrong, Free Scotch-and-Soda Seekers, Public Office Intriguers, Hundred-Per Cent. Income-Tax Advocates, Landowner Abolitionists, Monarchy Abolitionists, Uni-Cameralists, National Debt Repudiationists, Navy-and-Army Defenders, New Party Supporters, New Group Planners, Advocates of the Cold Cooking Stove, Hyper High-Brows, New Thought Merchants, New League Inventors, Advocates of Free Land, Free Beer, Free Trade, Free Love, and persons who Could Run the Government.

A crank cannot always be spotted by his clothes. Yet some certainly look like cranks. Faddists and cranks are often bushy-headed and prone to whiskers, but a crank is sometimes well-groomed, well-tailored and adorned with spats. A crank can have a loud voice and a quiet tie.

Among the callers at the House is the army of Election Car Lenders, Car Getters, Audience Persuaders, Baby Kissers, Housewife Patters, Cat Strokers, Platform Spellbinders, Alley Canvassers, and others Who Helped An M.P. To Get Into Parliament!

The number of persons who arrive with the hope of getting a dinner, a luncheon, a whisky and soda, a strawberry tea on the Terrace at an M.P.'s expense is large. Sad (to them) is the sound of the voices of the big handsome policemen at the barrier as they begin over and over again their familiar announcement: "Cards returned, Members not found."

Cranks are not confined to the Outer Lobby. Some get to the green benches of the House itself.

There is usually an England-Always-Wrong party.

The Man on the Spot "out there" *must* be wrong!

I have seen some queer things done in the Strangers' Gallery by cranks.

One day a heavy bag of white powder came through the air, thrown with terrific force from the Strangers' Gallery, and it narrowly missed Mr. Asquith's head and smashed near the foot of the Speaker's Chair below me. Mr. Asquith serenely continued the pellucid explanatory financial statement on which he was engaged at the time.

On another occasion I saw a man who wanted Parliament to spread Total Abstinence burst through the swing doors and dash up the floor towards the Speaker's Chair. He was gently conducted out.

I once saw a man spring over the parapet from the Stranger's Gallery seats, dash across the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery and climb over the carved woodwork near the clock.

"Look out! Look out!" came cries from M.P.'s on the benches who saw him, for, below the clock, down on the floor of the House, stood a group of M.P.'s. For a few seconds I feared that the man would fall on the heads of the chatting group of M.P.'s below. But they sprang aside. The man jumped from the Distinguished Stranger's Gallery at a point close to the seat occupied on big occasions by the Prince of Wales and fell to the floor in a heap. He got up practically unhurt! He had made his protest against whatever "evil" he wished to denounce.

During the recent events in India I have seen women in the Strangers' Gallery fling coloured leaflets on the floor of the House, and scream and chirrup in favour of releasing Indian political prisoners.

Sad must be the day—for all cranks—when, in early August, Parliament closes for a vacation of three months, and the cry of the big policeman is heard rolling along the corridors for the last time that summer: "Who Goes Home!"

There are at times examples of the fact that Cranks of one period may be regarded as sane reformers of the next. For instance, I saw all the Suffragette demonstrations. I saw two women chained to the Grille, the old lattice-work of those days, fixed in front of the Ladies' Gallery.

One evening Suffragettes chained themselves to the Grille by chains which they had secreted round their waists. This was in order to do the largest amount of shouting of "Votes for Women!" before the attendants could get them away. I saw workmen brought round to cut out portions of the metal grille in order to remove the shouting women.

Two or three changes long advocated in vain by persons who at one time were called Faddists or Cranks were hastened by the War. The drastic curtailment of public-house opening hours was a change which would probably have taken another twenty years but for the War. Another was Votes for Women. By the way, there are now more women voters than men, and there is one woman M.P. for every forty men M.P.'s. "The tumult and the shouting dies. . . ."

In several cases the "Crank" of to-day has been the successful reformer of to-morrow. Samuel Plimsoll was refused facilities for his reform, but eventually he created uproars in the House, caused Parliament to listen, and the Plimsoll Line was marked on ships for the safety of mariners on the seven seas.

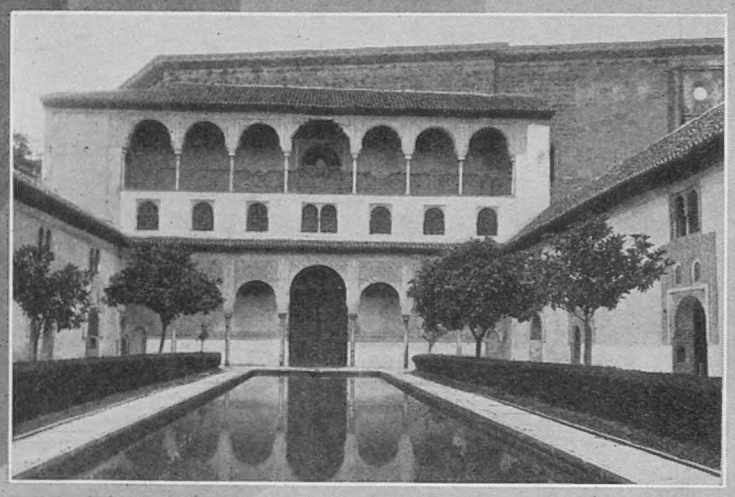
For seventy years many persons insisted in vain on a perhaps relatively small marriage reform and at last the Deceased Wife's Sister Act was passed. For about eight years a quiet, determined group brought forward annually the Daylight Saving Bill and it was always smiled at and defeated, but suddenly, in the War, it was passed into law as the Summer Time Act.

Most faddists are futile, but among the strange crowd of persons who haunt Westminster, there may be here and there one with a dream that will some day be graven on the Statute Book.

BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

AVILA. The Walls.

SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. The Cathedral.



GRANADA. Arrayanes Courtyard in the Alhambra.

EL ESCORIAL. Courtyard of the Evangelists.

MADRID. Prado Museum.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, *12, Boulevard de la Madeleine;* NEW YORK, *695, Fifth Avenue;* ROME, *9, Via Condotti;* GIBRALTAR, *63-67, Main Street. At* LONDON *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA

In order to afford those who are interested in British Columbia an opportunity of seeing the country at an exceptional advantage, from the viewpoints of business or permanent residence, the Agent-General for British Columbia is arranging, in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, a six weeks' tour of Canada's Province on the Pacific Coast, under the personal direction of Mr. W. A. McAdam, the Secretary to the Government Office in London. Those who are able to participate in this inspectional tour will thus enjoy the advantage of travelling under official Government auspices and of seeing all the principal points of interest in the Province under conditions not available to the ordinary tourist. As arrangements provide for the departure of the party in the Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Richmond*, from Liverpool on July 31, all those who are interested are requested to write immediately to the London Office of the British Columbia Government, British Columbia House, 1/3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars of the itinerary. The party will return to Liverpool, arriving on September 16. The estimated cost of the tour, including cabin-class accommodation and first-class rail and sleepers, hotel accommodation and meals, inclusive of gratuities, except on boat, is £165.

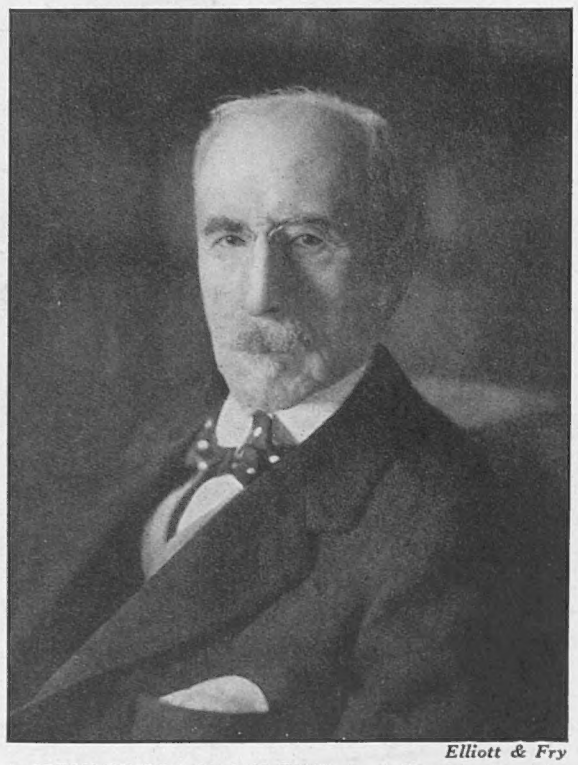
AN ORIENT INNOVATION

The Orient Line is meeting the needs of the public for comfortable travel at a lower cost than the luxuries of first class entail, by the conversion of two of their well-known and popular steamers, *Ormonde* and *Orsova* into one class tourist ships. Passengers will have free use of the spacious decks and public rooms, and will find in the catering and service as well as in the accommodation, all that the reasonable man or woman requires to ensure a comfortable and happy voyage. There will be a long range of fares to suit all tastes and purses, from £39, London to Sydney, for the cheapest berth, to £100 for a special stateroom with private bathrooom. There are a large number of single and two-berth cabins. The first sailing will be *Orsova* from London on August 15, and the conversion of *Ormonde* will be completed in time for her to sail November 7. These Orient tourist one class ships will follow the usual Orient Line mail route via Suez Canal, and passengers will enjoy the opportunities of seeing Gibraltar, Toulon, Naples, Port Said, and Colombo on the way. Interesting excursions can be made at all these ports. An illustrated descriptive folder can be obtained on application to the offices and agents of the Orient Company.

"GLADDENING THE HEART"

A notable brochure on the subject of wine, by Lieut.-Colonel H. I. Nicholl, has just been issued by Messrs. Hedges and Butler under the title *Why We Should Drink Wine*. Profusely illustrated with interesting views of various districts from whence various wines derive, the pamphlet gives much valuable and fascinating information on these most health-giving and luxurious beverages. Port, Sherry, Burgundy "in all its sunset glow;" Chablis (the white wine of Burgundy); Claret and its white counterparts—Sauternes, Barsacs, Graves; Champagne, invented by the Benedictine monk, Dom Perignon; Hock and Moselle from the valleys of Germany; Madeira, Marsala and Tokay, the dessert wines from the Canaries, Sicily and Hungary, are all discussed together with notes on the finest vintages. Short disquisitions are also presented on whisky, brandy, gin, British wines, liqueurs, bacardi, and cocktails. An interesting table is included showing exactly what wine to serve with what dish.

NOTES and NEWS



Elliott & Fry

A GREAT PATRON OF THE TURF: Lord Woolavington, who is also a great figure in the world of commerce. Lord Woolavington is the Chairman of James Buchanan & Co., Ltd. of London, and of W. P. Lowrie & Co., Ltd. of Glasgow. A member of that most exclusive gathering, the Jockey Club, he has twice won the Derby—with *Captain Cuttle* in 1922, and with *Coronach* in 1926, both sired by *Harry On*

HOUSEHOLD REVOLUTION

Now that carpets are up, both to afford them an opportunity of being cleaned and to give the house a coolness both of appearance and atmosphere suited to the season, all floors which are not parquet have the appearance of "bare boards." To transform these into "polished floors" is the achievement of one product of the Ronuk Co. The use of "Colron" wood dyes—there are twelve shades, ranging from light oak to dark mahogany—and the subsequent use of Ronuk polish ensures a really *soignée* appearance. The polishing can be best effected with the special Ronuk floor-brush. One of the great advantages of this polish lies in the fact that it is an effective germicide, being itself free from bacteria and killing any bacteria on the surfaces treated therewith. Another product of note is "Dirsof," a cleaner which has the efficacy, without the disadvantages, of strong caustic cleansers.

THE HIGHEST ROAD IN EUROPE

The Italian Travel Bureau (16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W.1) has received telegraphic advice that the Stelvio Pass, the highest motor road in Europe (9,05I ft.), is open for traffic. The Stelvio Pass connects the Italian Lake District and the Engadine with the Dolomite region, and is one of the most dramatic and thrilling of the world's highways.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A very satisfactory report has been received from Admiral Sir John D. Kelly on his inspection of the Training Ship *Arethusa*. The Admiral states that the seamanship, signals, and schools were all very good, the gymnastics very good indeed, and the physical training was exceptionally good, while the physical condition of the boys was very good and they were healthy looking. The Admiral further states that this inspection confirms his previous opinion that this training ship is maintained and run in an excellent manner, reflecting great credit on the captain and officers. This excellent work is in urgent need of funds. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Warwick Wright Says

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL"

when you wish to change gear silently—but why not be able to change gears without tears?

The Armstrong Siddeley Pre-Selective Self-changing Gear calls for no more imagination, ability or experience than is needed to move a small trigger mounted on the steering wheel.

A perfectly silent change is made to or from any gear at any speed.

In addition, you will find the Armstrong Siddeley is a car that has the most impressive lines and perfect performance, and will outlast any other car of its price.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

12 h.p. Saloon with Self-Changing Gear £278.

Warwick Wright Ltd

Mayfair 2904

150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Do you live in INDIA

EGYPT, THE SUDAN, UGANDA, KENYA, TANGANYIKA?

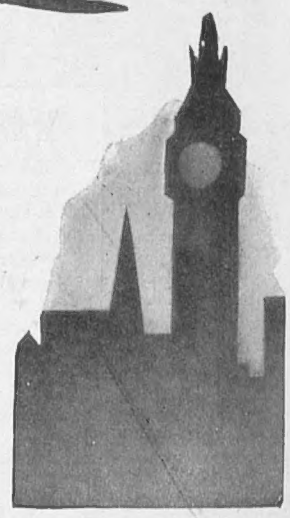
Have you Friends There?

By arrangement with Imperial Airways Limited, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, the proprietors of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SKETCH, TATLER, BYSTANDER, SPHERE, GRAPHIC and BRITANNIA & EVE, have established an Air Parcel Bureau by which, under certain conditions, orders entrusted to them by overseas and home readers will be despatched by air to the countries named.

SHOP THROUGH THE GREAT EIGHT AIR PARCEL BUREAU

Under this scheme it is possible for residents in England to send out to their friends on the African and Indian air routes, presents, clothing or other articles which they may need. Small motor car spare parts may also be sent.

A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Haifa, Kareima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

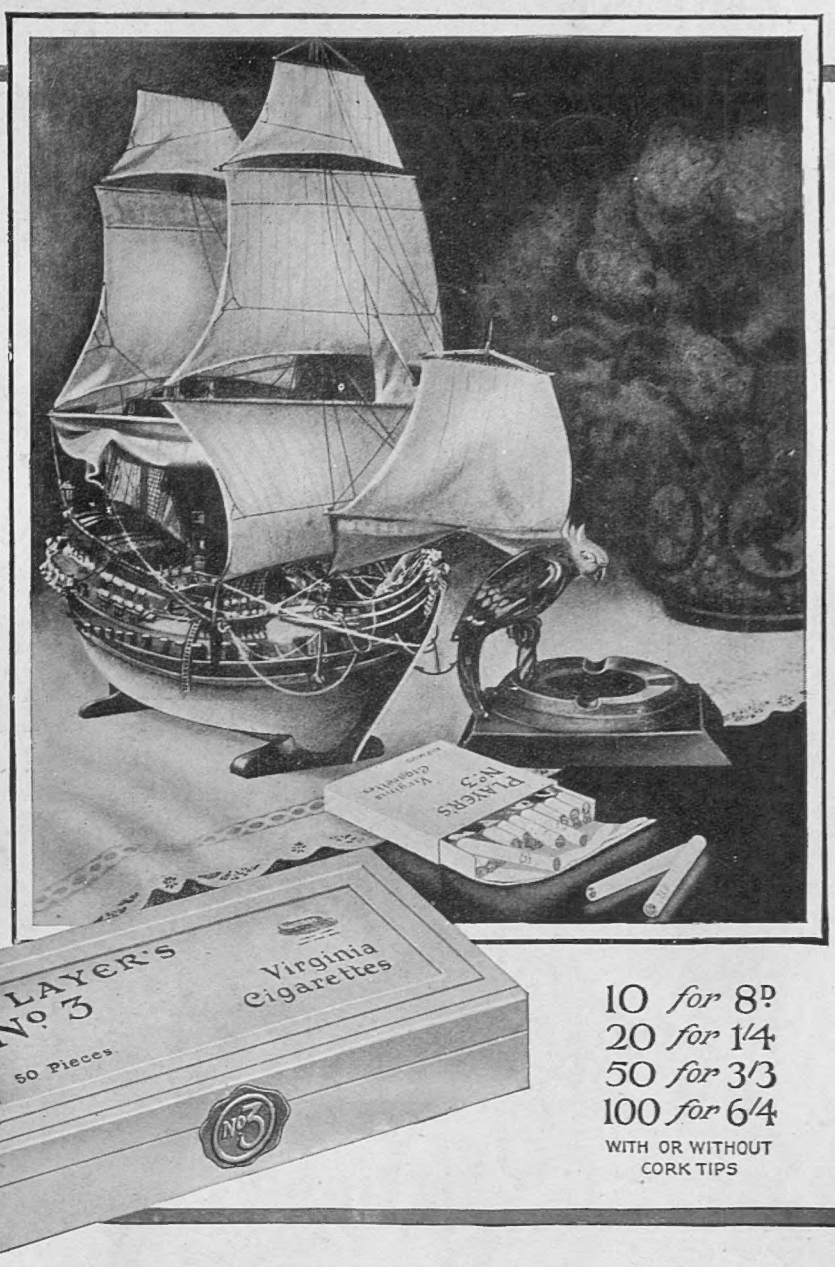


Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *June 27*, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

The EXTRA QUALITY *Cigarette*

PLAYER'S No. 3

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES



10 *for* 8p
20 *for* 1/4
50 *for* 3/3
100 *for* 6/4
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

3.P.5.A

East Coast Types

No. 5 The Deck-chair Man

NORFOLK

CROMER

with its lofty cliffs and fine sands attracts increasing numbers yearly. There is all that is newest and best in tennis court construction and the noted Royal Cromer Golf links.

SHERINGHAM

shares with Cromer the advantages of the coast's cliff-line and firm sands. Popular for family parties. Golf course commanding a fine view of the coast.

HUNSTANTON

an up-to-date resort on the top of a great chalk cliff which provides an attractive promenade. Two first class golf courses. Sandringham Hotel owned by the L·N·E·R.

MUNDESLEY

a quiet resort with a sandy beach and an eighteen-hole golf course.

Free Book "**EASTERN COUNTIES**" from L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Agencies, or from Passenger Manager L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; York or Waverley Station, Edinburgh, or Traffic Superintendent, L·N·E·R, Aberdeen.

TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R TO THE DRIER SIDE

ENTER WOGGLES

MEET WOGGLES

THE NEW "SKETCH" DOG

HERE HE IS!

"PERSEVERANCE."

A SPORTING CECIL ALDIN TERRIER

Each page-picture is a delight: the fact that Cecil Aldin is the artist guarantees that. Each is beautifully reproduced in colours.

ONCE SEE WOGGLES AND YOU WILL NEVER FORGET HIM!

WOGGLES is appearing each week in

The Sketch

Every Wednesday: ONE SHILLING. Publishing Office: 346, Strand, W.C.2.

There is no facility offered by the TOTE which Douglas Stuart's clients may not enjoy~

Wires may be handed in up to advertised time of Race, or from Racecourses up to the "Off."

ALL ON CREDIT

and no vexatious Restrictions ~ ~ ~

WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Douglas Stuart Ltd. "Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.C. 2

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *June* 27, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.